



John W. G. Galt

116028 13



John W. G. Galt

11602813

THE
Poetical Miscellany;

CONSISTING OF
SELECT PIECES

From the Works of the following Poets, viz.

MILTON,
DRYDEN,
POPE,
ADDISON,
GAY,
PARNEL,



YOUNG,
THOMSON,
AKENSIDE,
PHILIPS,
GRAY,
WATTS, &c.

For the Use of Schools.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT,
at Tully's Head, in the Strand.

MDCCLXII.



T H E
P R E F A C E.

NOTHING, surely, can be more absurd or ridiculous, than the common Practice of making such young Gentlemen as are not designed for any of the learned Professions, drudge for seven or eight Years in order to acquire a smattering in two dead Languages. Part of the Time, which is thus wasted, might, certainly, be profitably employed in making them acquainted with some of our best English Poets. The Collection which is here offered to the Public was made with this View. Such Masters as think proper to make Use of it, may, in the Editor's Opinion, make it subservient to several important Purposes in Education. They will have an Opportunity of pointing out to their Pupils the peculiar and distin-

P R E F A C E.

guishing Beauties of some of the most eminent of our Poets, of making them acquainted with the Force and Beauty of our Language, and of impressing upon their Minds many noble Sentiments upon some of the noblest and most important Subjects.

YOUNG Persons are, in general, fond of Poetry; and when the Language of the Poet is easy and familiar to them, they readily enter into his Sentiments. This Fondness the judicious Master will not fail to cherish, and he may make it turn greatly to the Advantage of his Pupil.

THE Editor thinks it unnecessary to make any Apology for a Work of this kind, being persuaded that every sensible and unprejudiced Parent will be better pleased to hear his Son repeat fifty Lines of *Milton*, *Pope*, *Young*, or *Thomson*, than five hundred of *Ovid* or *Virgil*.



THE

THE CONTENTS.

<i>O</i> <i>D</i> <i>E</i> on the Glories of the Heavens	Page 1
David's Pastoral Hymn on Providence	2
Hymn on Gratitude	3
Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to the Universe	6
Hope implanted in the human Breast, as an ear- nest of future Bliss	8
The Unreasonableness of Man's Complaints against Providence	9
The Works of God, One entire Whole, where all the Parts have a necessary Dependence on, and Relation to each other	11
The Omnipresence of God, and Submission to his Providence	13
The Origin, Use, and End of the Passions	14
The whole Universe one System of Society	22
Reason instructed by Instinct in the Invention of Arts	24
Happiness to be found in Virtue alone	25
Man to be known only by their Ruling Passion	27
Advice to the Fair Sex, for their true Interest	29
The Passion of the Groves	30
The Influence of Spring on Man	35
The Joys of virtuous Love	36
Description of the Dawn, and Sun-rising	39
The impious Presumption of taxing creative Wisdom	41
A Cataract	42
A Storm of Thunder and Lightning	43
A Panegyric on Great Britain	45
The Blessings of Industry	52
A Harvest Storm	56.
The	

CONTENTS.

<i>The Barbarity of Shooting and Hunting</i>	Page 58
<i>A ludicrous Account of Fox-hunting, with Advice to the Fair Sex</i>	60
<i>A Panegyric on a philosophical Country Life</i>	65
<i>A Man perishing in the Snow, with Reflections on the Miseries of human Life</i>	70
<i>A Winter-Evening described, as spent by the Country People, and in the City</i>	73
<i>Moral Reflexions on a future State</i>	74
<i>The Ideas of the divine Mind, the Origin of every Quality pleasing to the Imagination, &c.</i>	76
<i>The different Degrees of Beauty in different Species of Objects, &c.</i>	80
<i>The Oeconomy of Providence</i>	84
<i>The Origin of Vice</i>	86
<i>The general Sources of Ridicule in the Characters of Men, with the final Cause of the Sense of it</i>	88
<i>The benevolent Order of the World, illustrated in the arbitrary Connection of Pleasure with the Object which excites it</i>	92
<i>The Advantages resulting from a well-form'd Imagination</i>	94
<i>Man's Disobedience—Loss of Paradise—Satan driven out of Heaven</i>	97
<i>Satan lying on the burning Lake</i>	98
<i>Pandemonium</i>	100
<i>Satan's Speech to the Sun</i>	101
<i>Eve gives an Account of herself upon her first Creation</i>	104
<i>Adam and Eve, in a morning Hymn, call upon all the Parts of the Creation to join with them in extolling their common Maker</i>	105
<i>Battle of Angels—first Fight</i>	107
<i>Second Fight</i>	116
<i>The Glory of the Victory reserved for the Messiah</i>	121
<i>The Messiah, surrounded with an Host of Angels, goes forth in the Power of his Father, to perform the Work of Creation</i>	126
<i>The</i>	

CONTENTS.

<i>The Messiah returns to Heaven, and takes a Survey of his Work</i>	Page 128
<i>Adam gives an Account of his Condition and Sentiments immediately after his Creation</i>	129
<i>Adam describes a Conference which he held with his Maker upon the Subject of Solitude</i>	131
<i>Adam's Joy and Gratitude upon the Discovery of a Creature resembling the Apparition presented to him in his Dream</i>	134
<i>Satan's Soliloquy after traversing the Globe, and examining the Nature of every Creature</i>	135
<i>Eve addresses herself to Adam for Pardon—their Reconciliation, &c.</i>	138
<i>Our first Parents offer up their penitential Prayers on the very Place where their Judge appeared to them, when he pronounced their Sentence</i>	140
<i>Eve's Complaint, upon hearing that she was to be removed from the Garden of Paradise</i>	141
<i>Adam's Speech to Michael, &c.</i>	142
<i>Our Saviour's Reply to Satan, when tempted by him in the Wilderness</i>	143
<i>Description of a horrid Night, which Satan is feigned to have conjured up in the Wilderness</i>	146
<i>False Greatness</i>	147
<i>True Monarchy</i>	149
<i>True Riches</i>	151
<i>The Splendid Shilling. An Imitation of Milton</i>	153
<i>A Hymn to Contentment</i>	158
<i>A Night-Piece on Death</i>	161
<i>Reflections on Life, Death, and Immortality</i>	164
<i>Reflections on Time, Eternity, the last Day, &c.</i>	180
<i>A moral Survey of the nocturnal Heavens</i>	190
<i>Thoughts on Immortality</i>	214
<i>Proofs of the Immortality of the Soul</i>	234
<i>The gross Absurdities and Horrors of Annihilation</i>	240
<i>The Difficulty of being an Infidel</i>	247
<i>The</i>	<i>The</i>

CONTENTS.

<i>The Miser and Plutus. A Fable</i>	Page 255
<i>The Monkey who had seen the World. A Fable</i>	257
<i>The sick Man and the Angel. A Fable</i>	260
<i>The Persian, the Sun, and the Cloud. A Fable</i>	262
<i>The Father and Jupiter. A Fable</i>	263
<i>The Hare and many Friends. A Fable</i>	265
<i>The Squire and his Cur. A Fable</i>	267
<i>The Man, the Cat, the Dog, and the Fly. A Fable</i>	274
<i>A Contemplation on Night</i>	279
<i>A Thought on Eternity</i>	281
<i>Alexander's Feast; or, The Power of Music; an Ode on St. Cecilia's Day</i>	283
<i>Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's Day</i>	290
<i>The Character of a good Parson, imitated from Chaucer</i>	295
<i>On Sheep-shearing—Song on that Occasion, &c.</i>	300
<i>Recommendation of Mercifulness to Animals</i>	306
<i>Few Dyes the natural Product of England—the Advantages and Necessity of Trade, &c.</i>	307
<i>Recommendation of Labour</i>	309
<i>Country-Workhouses proposed—a Description of one —good Effects of Industry exemplified, &c.</i>	311
<i>Reflections on the Slave-Trade</i>	315
<i>Ode to the Right Honourable Francis Earl of Huntingdon</i>	316
<i>Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College</i>	326
<i>Hymn to Adversity</i>	329
<i>To Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his Picture of King GEORGE I.</i>	331
<i>Character of Atticus</i>	334
<i>An Address to the Deity</i>	335
<i>Another Address to the Deity</i>	336
<i>A Hymn</i>	ib.



THE



THE
Poetical Miscellany.



ODE on the Glories of the Heavens.

ADDISON.

I.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth :

B

Whilst

2 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball !
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found !
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is Divine."

David's Pastoral HYMN on Providence.

ADDISON.

I.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my mid-night hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant;

To

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 3

To fertile vales, and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landskip flow.

III.

Tho' in the paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN on Gratitude. ADDISON.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise:

4 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII. When

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 5

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a chearful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

6 THE POETICAL MISCELLANY.

*Of the Nature and State of MAN, with re-
spect to the Universe.* POPE.

SAY first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

Presumptuous Man? the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade!
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,

Where

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 7

Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree ;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man :
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong ?

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain ;
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;
In God's, one single can its end produce ;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal ;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why Man
restrains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God :
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end ;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd ; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault ;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought :
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place ;
His time a moment, and a point his space.

8 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

*Hope implanted in the human Breast, as an
Earnest of future Bliss.* POPE.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book
of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer Being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.

Hope

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 9

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never Is, but always To be blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

*The Unreasonableness of Man's Complaints
against Providence.* POPE.

WHAT would this Man? Now upward will
he soar,
And little less than Angels, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.

10 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say, what their use, had he the pow'rs of all ;
 Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd ;
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force ;
 All in exact proportion to the state ;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
 Each beast, each insect, happy in its own :
 Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone ?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all ?

The bliss of Man (could pride that blessing find)
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;
 No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.
 Why has not Man a microscopic eye ?
 For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n ?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore ?
 Or quick effluvia, darting thro' the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain ?
 If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill ?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies ?

The

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. II

*The Works of God, One entire Whole, where
all the Parts have a necessary Dependence on,
and Relation to each other.* POPE.

FAR as Creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
 Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood?
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
 How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
 'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier?
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
 Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd;
 What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide?
 And Middle natures, how they long to join
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?

12 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high, progressive life may go !
 Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !
 Vast chain of Being ! which from God began,
 Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach ; from infinite to thee,
 From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours :
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd :
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll,
 Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the Whole must fall.
 Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and stars run lawless thro' the sky ;
 Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world ;
 Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
 And Nature tremble to the throne of God.
 All this dread ORDER break—for whom ? for thee ?
 Vile worm !—oh Madness ! Pride ! Impiety !

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head ?
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?

Just

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 13

Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame :
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing MIND OF ALL ordains.

*The Omnipresence of God, and Submission to his
Providence.* POPE.

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same ;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame ;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph, that adores and burns ;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and measures all.
Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name :
Our proper blis depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point : This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :

Safe

14 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see ;
All Discord, Harmony not understood ;
All partial Evil, universal Good :
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.**

The Origin, Use, and End of the Passions.

POPE.

TWO Principles in human nature reign ;
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain ;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all :
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all Good ; to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end :
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot ;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires :
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.

Sedate

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 15

Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh ;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :
That sees immediate good by present sense ;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains ;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite ;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire ;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r :
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call :
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all :
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide ;

16 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
Lift under Reason, and deserve her care ;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost ;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest :
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale ;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite :
These 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy ?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind :
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.
Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes ;
And when, in act, they cease, in prospect, rise :
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.

All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong, or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principles of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his Growth, and strengthens with his
strength :

So, cast and mingl'd with his very frame,
The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul :
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's blest beam turn's vinegar more sow'r.

We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey :
Ah ! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools ?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend !

Or

18 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak Passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, even at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.

What

What crops of wit and honesty appear
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;
 Ev'n av'rice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy ;
 Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ;
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;
 Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
 But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
 The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd :
 Reason the byas turns to good from ill,
 And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
 The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine :
 The same ambition can destroy or save,
 And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
 What shall divide ? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
 In Man they join to some mysterious use ;
 Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
 As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
 And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
 Where ends the Virtue, or begin the Vice.

Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall,
 That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
 If white and black blend, soften, and unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?

Ask

20 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mein,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice was ne'er agreed :
Ask where's the North ? at York, 'tis on the
Tweed ;

In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he ;
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own ;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree ;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise ;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill ;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still ;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal ;
But HEAVEN's great view is One, and that the
Whole.

That counter-works each folly and caprice ;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice ;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd ;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,

Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from Vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie,
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse.

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:

See

22 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

See some fit Passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite ;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age :
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
'Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by Pride :

These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy ;
One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ;
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes by force divine,
The scale to measure other's wants by thine.
See ! and confess one comfort still must rise ;
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

The whole Universe one System of Society.

POPE.

LOOK round our World ; behold the chain of
Love
Combining all below and all above.

See

See plastic Nature working to this end,
 The single atoms each to other tend,
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
 See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
 Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good.
 See dying vegetables life sustain,
 See life dissolving vegetate again:

All forms that perish other forms supply,
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
 Like bubbles on the sea of Matter born,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
 Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
 One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least;
 Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;
 All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food:
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn:
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
 The birds of Heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
 Part pays and justly the deserving steer:

The

24 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care ;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, " See all things for my use !"
" See man for mine !" replies a pamper'd goose :
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

*Reason instructed by Instinct in the Invention
of Arts.*

POPE.

SEE him from Nature rising slow to Art !
To copy Instinct then was Reason's part ;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
" Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take :
" Learn from the birds what food the thickets
yield ;
" Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;
" Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
" Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave ;
" Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
" Here too all forms of social union find,
" And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind.
" Here subterranean works and cities see ;
" There towns aerial on the waving tree.
" Learn each small People's genius, policies,
" The Ants' republic, and the realm of Bees ;

" How

- " How those in common all their wealth bestow,
 " And Anarchy without confusion know ;
 " And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
 " Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
 " Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
 " Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
 " In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
 " Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
 " And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too
 " strong.
 " Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;
 " And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
 " Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."
-

Happiness to be found in Virtue alone. POPE.

K NOW then this truth (enough for Man to
 know)

" Virtue alone is Happiness below."

The only point where human bliss stands still,

And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;

Where only Merit constant pay receives,

Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;

The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,

And if it lose, attended with no pain :

Without satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd,

And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :

26 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears :
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd ;
 Never dejected, while another's blest'd ;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow !
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss ; the good, untaught, will find ;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God ;
 Pursues that Chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
 Sees, that no Being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below ;
 Learns from this union of the rising Whole,
 'The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
 All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul ;
 'Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone
 Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is her present ; she connects in this
 His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss ;

At

At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
In one close system of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliss but height of Charity.

God loves from Whole to Parts: But human soul
Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Men to be known only by their Ruling Passion.

POPE.

SEARCH then the RULING PASSION: There,
alone,
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known;

28 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The Fool consistent, and the False sincere;
 Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
 This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
 The prospect clears, and WHARTON stands confest.
 Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
 Whose Ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise:
 Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,
 Women and Fools must like him, or he dies;
 Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
 The Club must hail him master of the joke.
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
 He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
 Enough, if all around him but admire,
 And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fryer.
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
 And most contemptible to shun contempt;
 His Passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
 His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
 A constant Bounty which no friend has made;
 An angel Tongue, which no man can persuade!
 A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
 Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
 A rebel to the very king he loves;
 He dies, sad out-cast of each church and state,
 And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
 Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
 'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him Fool.

Nature

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 29

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and WHARTON plain.

Advice to the Fair Sex, for their true Interest.

POPE.

AH! Friend! to dazzle let the Vain design;
To raise the Thought, and touch the Heart
be thine!

That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the
Ring,

Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the sun's broad beams has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring Orb declines.

Oh! blest with Temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day;
She, who can love a Sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear;
She, who ne'er answers till a Husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Disdains all loss of Tickets, or Coddle;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

The Passion of the Groves. THOMSON.

AS rising from the vegetable world,
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
 My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
 Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour
 The mazy-running soul of melody
 Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
 The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
 Unknown to fame, *the Passion of the groves.*

WHEN first the soul of love is sent abroad,
 Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
 In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
 And try again the long-forgotten strain,
 At first faint warbled. But no sooner grows
 The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
 In music unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,
 Shrill voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn.;
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Ev'ry copse
 Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length

Of notes ; when listening *Philomela* deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake ;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove :
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert : while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love ;
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approbance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance ; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,

32 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ;
 That NATURE's *great command* may be obey'd :
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn
 Commit their feeble off-spring : The cleft tree
 Offers its kind concealment to a few,
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
 Others apart far in the grassy dale,
 Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave
 But most in woodland solitudes delight,
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
 Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
 They frame the first foundation of their domes ;
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
 But restless hurry thro' the busy air,
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Intent. And often from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd,
 Steal from the barn a straw : till soft and warm,
 Clean, and compleat, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
 Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
Her

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 33

Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away ; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
 A helpless family, demanding food
 With constant clamour : O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize ! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young ;
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mold,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cott amid the distant woods,
 Sustain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites and give them all.

NOR toil alone they scorn ; exalting love,
 By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd,
 Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race,
 And to the *simple* art. With stealthy wing,
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
 Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on

34 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath hen flutters, (pious fraud!) to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

BE not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull;
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.

BUT let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft, when returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough,
Sole-sitting, still at ev'ry dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain.

Of winding woe ; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

The Influence of Spring on Man. THOMSON.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man ;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye fordid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe ;
Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns
With warmest beam ; and on your open front
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest want. Nor, till invok'd,
Can restless goodness wait ; your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd ;
Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad ; for you the teeming clouds

36 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Descend in gladfome plenty o'er the world ;
 And the fun fheds his kindeft rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race !—In thefe green days,
 Reviving ficknefs lifts her languid head ;
 Life flows afrefh ; and young-ey'd Health exalts
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The funny glade, and feels an inward blifs
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchafe. Pure Serenity apace
 Induces thought, and Contemplation ftill.
 By fwift degrees the love of Nature works,
 And warms the bofom ; till at laft fublim'd
 To rapture, and enthuftaftic heat,
 We feel the prefent DEITY, and tafte
 The joy of GOD to fee a happy world !

The Joys of virtuous Love. THOMSON.

BUT happy they ! the happieft of their kind !
 Whom gentler ftars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarfer tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itfelf,
 Attuning all their paffions into love ;
 Where friendship full-exerts her foftest power,
 Perfect efteem enliven'd by defire
 Ineffable, and fymphony of foul ;

Thought

Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence : for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, consume his nights and days :

Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the furs they feel ;

Let eastern tyrants from the light of Heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a meer, lifeless, violated form :

While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as nature live,

Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all !

Who in each other clasp whatever fair

High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;

Truth, goodness, honour, harmony and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.

Mean-time a smiling off-spring rises round,

And mingles both their graces. By degrees,

The human blossom blows ; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,

The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.

The infant reason grows apace, and calls

For the kind hand of an assiduous care.

Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,

To

38 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprizes often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various Nature pressing on the heart :
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving HEAVEN.
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy ; and consenting SPRING
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;
 When after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love,
 Together down they sink in social sleep ;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

Descrip-

Description of the Dawn, and Sun-rising.

THOMSON.

WHEN now no more th' alternate *Twins*
are fir'd,

And *Cancer* reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of dews;
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
Brown night retires: Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.

The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, aukward; while along the forest-glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes.

The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
And from the crouded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

FALSELY luxurious, will not Man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy

The

40 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The, cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due and sacred song ?
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life ?
 Total extinction of th' enlightened soul !
 Or else to feverish vanity alive,
 Wildered, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams ?
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain,
 Longer than Nature craves, when every Muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly-devious morning-walk ?

BUT yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent all,
 Assant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering
 streams,

High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light !
 Of all material beings first, and best !
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom ; and thou, O Sun !
 Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen
 Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

*The impious Presumption of taxing creative
Wisdom.* THOMSON.

LET no presuming impious railer tax
CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the Man, whose universal eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;
Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,
As with unflinching accent to conclude
That *This* availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink
Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

A CATARACT. THOMSON.

THUS up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound
 Of a near fall of water every sense
 Wakes from the charm of thought : swift-shrinking
 back,

I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood
 Rolls fair, and placid ; where collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
 And from the loud-resounding rocks below
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose :
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
 Assant the hollow'd channel rapid darts ;
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
 With wild infracted course, and lessened roar,
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

A Storm of Thunder and Lightning.

THOMSON.

BEHOLD, slow-fetling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, furcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread thro' the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone to the lowest vale, the ærial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by Man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all :
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud ;
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds,
 Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
 Black from the stroke, above, the smouldring pine
 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk ; and, stretch'd below,
 A lifeless groupe the blasted cattle lie.
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In fancy's eye ; and there the frowning bull,
 And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,

The venerable tower, and spiry fane
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake,
 Amid *Carnarvon's* mountains rages loud
 The repercussive roar : with mighty crush,
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks,
 Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the sky,
 Tumble the smitten cliffs ; and *Snowdon's* peak,
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
 Far-seen, the heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,
 And *Thulé* bellows thro' her utmost isles.

A Panegyric on Great-Britain. THOMSON.

HEAVENS ! what a goodly prospect spreads
 around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and
 spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landskip into smoke decays !
 Happy BRITANNIA ! where the QUEEN OF ARTS,
 Inspiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad
 Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
 RICH is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ;
 Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought ;

46 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks ; thy valleys float
 With golden waves : and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless ; while, roving round their sides,
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
 Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;
 And property assures it to the swain,
 Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

FULL are thy cities with the sons of art ;
 And trade and joy, in every busy street,
 Mingling are heard : even Drudgery himself,
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
 Of hurry'd sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
 Scattering the nations where they go ; and first
 Or on the list'd plain, or stormy seas.
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside ;
 In genius, and substantial learning, high ;
 For every virtue, every worth renown'd ;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,

The

The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many! ALFRED thine,
In whom the splendor of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd name the virtues faint,
And *his own* Muses love; the best of *Kings*!
With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,
Names dear to fame, the first who deep impress'd
On haughty *Gaul* the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In *Statesmen* thou,
And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,
Who, with a generous, tho' mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES just,
Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor,
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine;
A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high; but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN-REIGN?
In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd;
RALEIGH, the scourge of *Spain*! whose breast with
all

The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.

Then,

Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,
 The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,
 The Lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
 A HAMPDEN too is thine, illustrious land !
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright, at his call, thy age of *Men* effulg'd,
 Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
 The grave where RUSSEL lies ; whose temper'd
 blood,
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ;
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him
 His friend, the † BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled ;
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 By antient learning to th' enlighten'd love

† ALGERNON SIDNEY.

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 49

Of antient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
 In awful *Sages*, and in noble *Bards*;
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
 Thine is a BACON; hapless in his choice,
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course: him for the studious shade
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
 PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
 And definitions void: he led her forth,
 Daughter of HEAVEN! that slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to HEAVEN again.
 The generous * ASHLEY thine, the friend of Man;
 Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious search
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,

* ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, Earl of Shaftesbury.

50 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The great CREATOR fought? and why thy LOCKE,
 Who made the whole internal world his own?
 Let NEWTON, *pure intelligence*, whom GOD
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all Philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
 Is not wild SHAKESPEAR thine and Nature's boast?
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of classic ages in thy MILTON met?
 A genius universal as his theme;
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle SPENCER, Fancy's pleasing son;
 Who like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
 Nor thee, his antient Master, laughing sage,
 CHAUCER, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

MAY my song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I,
 BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own,
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,

Like

Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast ;
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

ISLAND of bliss ! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations ; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O THOU ! by whose almighty *Nod* the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the land,
In bright patrol : white *Peace*, and social *Love* ;
The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles ;
Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind ;
Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound *Temperance*,
Healthful in heart and look ; clear *Chastity*,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disordered at the deep regard she draws ;
Rough *Industry* ; *Activity* untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake :
While in the radiant front, superior shines
That first paternal virtue, *Public Zeal* ;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,

And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.

The Blessings of Industry. THOMSON.

THESE are thy blessings, INDUSTRY ! rough
power !

Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain ;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life :
Raisher of human kind ! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite ; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers ; corruption still,
Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year :
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusk'd boar ; a shivering wretch !
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north,
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost :
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;
And the wild season, fordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not ; home is the resort

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 53.

Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into blifs.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Even desolate in crouds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waste of time! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; shew'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast;
Gave the tall ancient forest to his ax;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit:
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;
But still advancing bolder, led him on,
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance and grace;
And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bad him be the *Lord* of all below.

54 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

THEN gathering Men their natural powers combin'd,

And form'd a *Public*; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented *Whole*;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force *Oppression* chaining, fet,
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves had rais'd.

HENCE every form of cultivated life
In order fet, protected, and inspir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

THEN COMMERCE brought into the public
walk

The busy merchant; the big ware-house built;
Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded
street

With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O THAMES,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!

Chose

Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void ; the sooty hulk,
Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around,
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings,
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd ; whence ribb'd with
oak,

To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

THEN too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof ; and luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering stores : the canvas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.

ALL is the gift of INDUSTRY ; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along ;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring ;
Without him Summer were an arid waste ;
Nor to th' autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recal my wandering song.

A Harvest Storm. THOMSON.

DEFEATING oft the labours of the year,
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.
 At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
 But as the ærial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
 Impetuous rushes o'er the founding world;
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
 High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,
 Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
 The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
 Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
 In one continuous flood. Still over head
 The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
 The deluge deepens; till the fields around
 Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
 Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.

Red,

Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar ; and high above its banks
 The river lift ; before whose rushing tide,
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,
 Roll mingled down ; all that the winds had spar'd
 In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes,
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
 Driving along ; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
 Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride ;
 And oh be mindful of that sparing board,
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice !
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
 And all-involving winds have swept away.

The Barbarity of Shooting and Hunting.

THOMSON.

HERE the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded
horn,

Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural Game* :
How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Out-stretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws full*,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, intangled more and more :
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye
O'ertakes their founding pinions ; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground ; or drives them wide-dispers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

THESE are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song ;
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal-creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falsely-chearful barbarous game of death ;

This

This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant Man,
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chace,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retir'd; the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom;
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow-ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her best precaution; tho' she sits
Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew

Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep,
 In scatter'd fullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The fighting gale, she springs aloud, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once :
 The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn,
 Refounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chace ; and the loud hunter's shout ;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

A ludicrous Account of Fox-hunting, with Advice to the Fair Sex.

THOMSON.

— **G**IVE, ye BRITONS, then
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold :
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.
 Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge
 High-bound, resistless ; nor the deep morafs
 Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost ;

Then

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 61

Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;
 Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawn,
 In fancy swallowing up the space between,
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game,
 For happy he ! who tops the wheeling chace ;
 Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
 Disclos'd ; who knows the merits of the pack ;
 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
 Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
 Relentless torn : O glorious he, beyond
 His daring peers ! when the retreating horn
 Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
 With woodland honours grac'd ; the fox's fur,
 Depending decent from the roof ; and spread
 Round the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,
 The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,
 When the night staggers with severer toils,
 With feats *Theſſalian* Centaurs never knew,
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

BUT first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;
 The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoaking sirloin, stretch'd immense
 From side to side ; in which, with desperate knife,
 They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of ENGLAND's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
 While hence they borrow vigour : or amain
 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
 If stomach keen can intervals allow,
 Relating all the glories of the chace.
 Then sated *Hunger* bids his brother *Thirst*

Produce

62 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
 A potent gale, delicious, as the breath
 Of *Maia* to the love-sick shepherdes,
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
 Of thirty years ; and now his honest front
 Flames in the light effulgent, not afraid
 Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
 To cheat the thirsty moments, whilst a while
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smok,
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe ; or the quick
 dice,

In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon : while romp-loving miss
 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idlenesses laid
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle ; and set, ardent, in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
 Indulg'd apart ; but earnest, brimming bowls
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
 Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses,
 hounds,
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost,

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 63

In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Mean-time, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart ;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul ;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd Cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round ;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd
hounds

Mix in the music of the day again.

As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls :
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table even itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene ; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the social slaughter : where astride
The *lubber Power* in filthy triumph sits,
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
And sleeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Out-lives them all ; and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But

BUT if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
 Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
 E'er stain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR.
 Far be the spirit of the chace from them !
 Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill ;
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed ;
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;
 With every motion, every word, to wave
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;
 And from the smallest violence to shrink
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging Man.
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,
 Thro' love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
 In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress !
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;
 To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm,
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties ; in their race

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 65

To rear their graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
Well-order'd Home Man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life :
This be the female dignity, and praise.

A Panegyric on a philosophical Country Life.

THOMSON.

OH knew he but his happiness, of Men
The happiest he ! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a *choice Few* retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking croud
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd ?
Vile intercourse ! What tho' the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools ! oppress him not ?
What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death ? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with costly juice ; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,

Or

66 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ?
 What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all ?
 Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estrang'd
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope :
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring,
 When heaven descends in showers ; or bends the
 bough

When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams ;
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap :
 These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;
 Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;
 Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
 Here too dwells simple truth ; plain innocence ;
 Un sullied beauty ; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd ;
 Health ever blooming ; unambitious toil ;
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

LET others brave the floods in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek ;

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 67

Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far-distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.
 Let *this* through cities work his eager way,
 By legal outrage, and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct ; and *that* ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let *these*
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
 An iron race ! and *those* of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight ;
 Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
 While he, from all the stormy passions free
 That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
 Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year ;
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,

Marks

68 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
 Into his freshened soul; her genial hours
 He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid *Tempe* wont to wave,
 Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muse, of these
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
 Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
 With gentle throws; and, thro' the tepid gleams
 Deep musing, then he *best* exerts his song.
 Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
 Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
 O'er land and sea imagination roams;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred too, and love he feels;
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Extatic shine; the little strong embrace

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 69

Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man!

OH NATURE! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep
Light my blind way: the mineral *Strata* there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
The varied-scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye:
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That *best* ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From THEE begin,

Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my song;
And let me never never stray from THEE!

*A Man perishing in the Snow, with Reflexions
on the Miseries of human Life.*

THOMSON.

AS thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own loose-revolving fields the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow! and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts
of home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of Man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,

Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, un-
known,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.
A little think the gay licentious proud,

And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain.
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms ;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life,
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;
 The conscious heart of charity would warm,
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate ;

The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

*A Winter-Evening described, as spent by the
Country People, and in the City.*

THOMSON.

MEAN-TIME the village rouses up the fire;
While well attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:
The leap, the flap, the haul; and, shook to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

THE city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm'd with mixt discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.

E

Up-

74 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp ;
 The circle deepens : beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves :
 While, a gay insect in *his* summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

DREAD o'er the scene, the ghost of HAMLET
 stalks ;

OTHELLO rages ; poor MONIMIA mourns ;
 And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast ; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek : or else the COMIC MUSE
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises fly the fair impartial laugh.
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life ; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous *BEVIL shew'd.

Moral Reflections on a future State.

THOMSON.

'TIS done !—dread WINTER spreads his latest
 glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.

* A Character in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS, written
 by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

How

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
 How dumb the tuneful ! horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man !
 See here thy pictur'd life, pass some few years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
 Those restless cares, those busy bustling days ?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veering
 thoughts

Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life ?
 All now are vanish'd ! VIRTUE sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of Man,
 His guide to happiness on high.—And see !
 'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth
 Of heaven, and earth ! awakening Nature hears
 The *new creating word*, and starts to life,
 In every heightened form, from pain and death
 For ever free. *The great eternal scheme*,
 Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER,
 And WISDOM oft arraign'd : see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected : why the good Man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul :

Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd,
 In starving solitude; while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distressed!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd Evil is no more:
 The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

*The Ideas of the divine Mind, the Origin of
 every Quality pleasing to the Imagination, &c.*

AKENSIDE.

— **E**RE the radiant sun
 Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night,
 The moon suspended her serene lamp;
 Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe,
 Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
 Then liv'd th' almighty ONE: then deep retir'd
 In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
 The forms eternal of created things;
 The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,

The

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 77

The mountains, woods and streams, the rolling
globe,

And wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration : till in time compleat,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves;
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal skies and vernal show'rs,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life, to diff'rent labours urge
The active pow'rs of man ; with wise intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a diff'rent byass, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heav'n : to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse : others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flow'rs ; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind
In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes

78 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Were destin'd ; some within a finer mould
 She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
 To these the fire omnipotent unfolds
 The world's harmonious volume, there to read
 The transcript of himself. On every part
 They trace the bright impressions of his hand :
 In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
 The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
 Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd
 That uncreated beauty, which delights
 The mind supreme. *They* also feel her charms,
 Enamour'd ; *they* partake th' eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
 By fabling Nilus, to the quiv'ring touch
 Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
 Consenting, founded thro' the warbling air
 Unbidden strains ; even so did nature's hand
 To certain species of eternal things,
 Attune the finer organs of the mind :
 So the glad impulse of congenial pow'rs,
 Or of sweet sound, or fair proportion'd form,
 The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
 Thrills thro' imagination's tender frame,
 From nerve to nerve : all naked and alive
 They catch the spreading rays : till now the soul
 At length discloses every tuneful spring,
 To that harmonious movement from without
 Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
 Diffuses its enchantment : fancy dreams
 Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,

And vales of bliss : the intellectual pow'r
Bends from his awful throne a wond'ring ear,
And smiles ; the passions gently sooth'd away,
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy
Alone are waking ; love and joy, serene
As airs that fan the summer. O ! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,
Whose candid bosom the refining love
Of nature warms, O ! listen to my song ;
And I will guide thee to her fav'rite walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant stores,
Whate'er of mimic-art's reflected forms
With love and admiration thus inflame
The pow'rs of fancy, her delighted sons
To three illustrious orders have referr'd ;
Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue confesses ; the *sublime*,
The *wonderful*, the *fair*. I see them dawn !
I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
More lovely than when Lucifer displays
His beaming forehead thro' the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.

*The different Degrees of Beauty in different
Species of Objects, &c. AKENSIDE.*

THUS with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
Advent'rous, to delineate nature's form;
Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd,
Or dress'd for pleasing wonder, or serene
In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains
Thro' various being's fair-proportion'd scale,
To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
From their first twilight, shining forth at length
To full meridian splendour. Of degree
The least and lowliest, in th' effusive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd shape,
Where truth's eternal measures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
Unites this various symmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurements; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted shells indent their speckled wreaths.
Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
Thro' which the breath of nature has infus'd
Her genial pow'r to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth,
In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flow'rs
Their purple honours with the spring resume;

And

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 81

And such the stately tree which autumn bends
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
In nature's charm, where to the full consent
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are giv'n,
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
So moves the bird of Juno: so the steed
With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager air of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of the mind:
By steps conducting our inraptur'd search
To that eternal origin, whose pow'r,
Thro' all th' unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd.

MIND, MIND alone, bear witness, earth and
heav'n!

The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces; here inthron'd,
Caelestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad thro' nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantinè spheres
Wheeling unshaken thro' the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose

82 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
 Amid the croud of patriots ; and his arm
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
 When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
 On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
 And bade the father of his country, hail !
 For lo ! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
 And Rome again is free ?—Is aught so fair
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
 In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship ? as the candid blush
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just ?
 The graceful tear that streams from other's woes ?
 Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
 The gate ; where honour's liberal hands efface
 Unenvy'd treasures, and the snowy wings
 Of innocence and love protect the scene ?
 Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
 Where nature works in secret ; view the beds
 Of min'ral treasure, and th' eternal vault
 That bounds the hoary ocean ; trace the forms
 Of atoms moving with incessant change
 Their elemental round ; behold the seeds
 Of being, and the energy of life
 Kindling the mass with ever-active flame :
 Then to the secrets of the working mind
 Attentive turn ; from dim oblivion call
 Her fleet, ideal band ; and bid them, go !
 Break thro' time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
 That saw the heav'ns created : then declare

If aught were found in those external scenes
 To move thy wonder now. For what are all
 The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
 Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
 Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
 The superficial impulse; dull their charms,
 And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
 Not so the moral species, nor the powers
 Of genius and design; th' ambitious mind
 There sees herself: by these congenial forms
 Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act
 She bends her nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
 Her features in the mirror. For of all
 Th' inhabitants of earth, to man alone
 Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye
 To truth's eternal measures; thence to frame
 The sacred laws of action and of will,
 Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
 And temperance from folly. But beyond
 This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
 Assenting reason, the benignant fire,
 To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,
 Has added bright imagination's rays:
 Where virtue rising from the awful depth
 Of truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
 The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
 And dress'd by fancy in ten thousand hues,
 Assumes a various feature, to attract,
 With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
 The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,

84 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Th' ingenuous youth whom solitude inspires
 With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
 Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
 That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
 Of harmony and wonder : while among
 The herd of servile minds, her strenuous form
 Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
 And thro' the rolls of memory appeals
 To ancient honour, or in act serene,
 Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword
 Of public pow'r, from dark ambition's reach
 To guard the sacred volume of the law.

The Economy of Providence. AKENSIDE.

INHABITANT of earth, to whom is giv'n
 The gracious ways of providence to learn,
 Receive my sayings with a stedfast ear——
 Know then, the sovereign spirit of the world,
 Tho' self-collected from eternal time,
 Within his own deep essence he beheld
 The bounds of true felicity compleat ;
 Yet by immense benignity inclin'd
 To spread around him that primæval joy
 Which fill'd himself, he rais'd his plastic arm,
 And sounded thro' the hollow depth of space
 The strong, creative mandate. Strait arose

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 85

These heav'nly orbs, the glad abodes of life
Effusive kindled by his breath divine
Thro' endless forms of being. Each inhal'd
From him each portion of the vital flame,
In measure such, that from the wide complex
Of coexistent orders, *one* might rise,
One order, all-involving and intire.
He too beholding in the sacred light
Of his essential reason, all the shapes
Of swift contingency, all successive ties
Of action propagated thro' the sum
Of possible existence, he at once,
Down the long series of eventful time,
So fix'd the dates of being, so dispos'd,
To every living soul of every kind,
The field of motion and the hour of rest,
That all conspir'd to his supreme design,
To universal good : with full accord
Answering the mighty model he had chos'n,
The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds
That lay from everlasting in the store
Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
By *one* exertion of creative pow'r
His goodness to reveal ; thro' every age,
Thro' every moment up the tract of time
His parent-hand with ever-new increase
Of happiness and virtue has adorn'd
The vast harmonious frame : his parent-hand,
From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
To men, to angels, to celestial minds

For

86 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

For ever leads the generations on
 To higher scenes of being ; while supply'd
 From day to day with his enliv'ning breath,
 Inferior orders in succession rise
 To fill the void below. As flame ascends,
 As bodies to their proper center move,
 As the pois'd ocean to th' attracting moon
 Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
 Devolves its winding waters to the main ;
 So all things which have life aspire to God,
 The sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,
 Center of souls ! Nor does the faithful voice
 Of nature cease to prompt their eager steps
 Aright ; nor is the care of heav'n withheld
 From granting to the task proportion'd aid ;
 That in their stations all may persevere
 To climb th' ascent of being, and approach
 For ever nearer to the life divine.

The Origin of Vice. AKENSIDE.

— **F**OR since the course
 Of things external acts in different ways
 On human apprehensions, as the hand
 Of nature temper'd to a different frame
 Peculiar minds ; so haply where the pow'rs
 Of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge

The

The images of things, but paint in all
 Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
 In nature ; there opinion will be true,
 And action right. For action treads the path
 In which opinion says he follows good,
 Or flies from evil ; and opinion gives
 Report of good or evil, as the scene
 Was drawn by fancy, lovely or deform'd ;
 Thus her report can never there be true
 Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
 With glaring colours, and distorted lines.
 Is there a man, who at the sound of death
 Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjur'd up,
 And black before him ; nought but death-bed
 groans

And fearful pray'rs, and plunging from the brink
 Of light and being, down the gloomy air,
 An unknown depth ? Alas ! in such a mind,
 If no bright forms of excellence attend
 The image of his country ; nor the pomp
 Of sacred senates, nor the sacred voice
 Of justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes
 The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame ;
 Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
 Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
 Than to *betray* his country ? And in act
 Will he not chuse to be a wretch and live ?
 Here vice begins then. From th' enchanting cup
 Which fancy holds to all, th' unwary thirst
 Of youth oft swallows a Circean draught,

That

88 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
Of reason, till no longer he discerns,
And only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that spurn him from the throne;
And all is uproar. Thus ambition grasps
The empire of the soul: thus pale revenge
Unsheaths her murd'rous dagger; and the hands
Of lust and rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey: thus all the
 plagues
The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
The tragic muse discloses, under shapes
Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease or pomp,
Stole first into the mind.————

The general Sources of Ridicule in the Characters of Men, with the final Cause of the Sense of it.
A K E N S I D E.

BEHOLD the foremost band; of slender
 thought,
And easy faith; whom flatt'ring fancy sooths
With lying spectres, in themselves to view
Illustrious forms of excellence and good,
That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts
They spread their spurious treasures to the sun,
And bid the world admire! but chief the glance

Of

Of wishful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
 And lifts with self-applause each lordly brow.
 In number boundless as the blooms of spring,
 Behold their glaring idols, empty shades
 By fancy gilded o'er, and then set up
 For adoration. Some in learning's garb
 With formal-band, and sable-cinctur'd gown,
 And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
 With martial splendor, steely pikes and swords
 Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes
 Inwrought with flow'ry gold, assume the port
 Of stately valour : list'ning by his side
 There stands a female form ; to her, with looks
 Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
 He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms,
 And sulph'rous mines, and ambush: then at once
 Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
 And asks some won'dring question of her fears.
 Others of graver mien ; behold, adorn'd
 With holy ensigns, how sublime they move,
 And bending oft their sanctimonious eyes,
 Take homage of the simple-minded throng ;
 Ambassadors of heav'n ! Nor much unlike
 Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist
 That mantles every feature, hides a brood
 Of politic conceits ; of whispers, nods,
 And hints deep-omen'd with unwieldy schemes,
 And dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,
 Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
 Pour dauntless in and swell the boastful band.

Then

Then comes the second order ; all who seek
 The debt of praise, where watchful unbelief
 Darts thro' the thin pretence her squinting eye
 On some retir'd appearance which belies
 The boasted virtue, or annuls th' applause
 That justice else would pay. Here side by side
 I see two leaders of the solemn train
 Approaching : one a female old and grey,
 With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
 Pale as the cheeks of death ; yet still she stuns
 The sick'ning audience with a nauseous tale ;
 How many youths her myrtle chains have worn,
 How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd !
 Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart ;
 Such is her terror at the risques of love,
 And man's seducing tongue ! The other seems
 A bearded sage, ungentle in his mien,
 And fordid all his habit ; peevish want
 Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
 He stalks, resounding in magnific phrase
 The vanity of riches, the contempt
 Of pomp and pow'r. Be prudent in your zeal,
 Ye grave associates ! let the silent grace
 Of her who blushes at the fond regard
 Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold
 The praise of spotless honour : let the man
 Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp
 And ample store, but as indulgent streams
 To cheer the barren soil and spread the fruits

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 91

Of joy, let him by juster measures fix
The price of riches and the end of pow'r.

Thro' ev'ry scence of ridicule in things
To lead the tenor of my devious lay;
Thro' every swift occasion which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
Distends her fallying nerves and choaks her tongue;
What were it but to count each crystal drop
Which morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May distil? Suffice it to have said,
Where'er the pow'r of ridicule displays
Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form,
Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on the quick observer: whether pomp,
Or praise, or beauty mix their partial claim
Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity are wont to dwell,
Or whether these with violation loath'd,
Invade resplendent pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.

Ask we for what fair end, th' almighty fire
In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt,
These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
Educing pleasure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy steps of reason, and at once
By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
The giddy aims of folly? Tho' the light
Of truth slow-dawning on th' inquiring mind,
At length unfolds, thro' many a subtle tie,

How

92 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

How these uncouth disorders end at last
 In public evil ! yet benignant heav'n,
 Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
 To thousands ; conscious what a scanty pause
 From labours and from care, the wider lot
 Of humble life affords for studious thought
 To scan the maze of nature ; therefore stamp'd
 The glaring scenes with characters of scorn
 As broad, as obvious to the passing clown,
 As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

*The Benevolent Order of the World, illustrated
 in the arbitrary Connection of Pleasure with
 the Object which excites it.*

AKENSIDE.

BY what fine ties hath God connected things
 When present in the mind ; which in them-
 selves

Have no connection ? Sure the rising sun,
 O'er the cærulean convex of the sea,
 With equal brightness and with equal warmth
 Might roll his fiery orb ; nor yet the soul
 Thus feel her frame expanded, and her pow'rs
 Exulting in the splendor she beholds ;
 Like a young conqu'ror moving thro' the pomp
 Of some triumphal day. When join'd at eve,

Soft-

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 93

Soft-murm'ring streams and gales of gentlest breath
Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain
Attemper, could not man's discerning ear
Thro' all its tones the symphony pursue ;
Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy
Steal thro' his veins and fan th' awaken'd heart,
Mild as the breeze, yet rapt'rous as the song ?

But were not nature still indow'd at large
With all which life requires, tho' unadorn'd
With such enchantment ? Wherefore then her form
So exquisitely fair ? her breath perfum'd
With such æthereal sweetness ? whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raise or to depress
Th' impassion'd soul ? and whence the robes of
light

Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can describe ? Whence but from thee,
O source divine of ever-flowing love,
And thy unmeasur'd goodness ? Not content
With every food of life to nourish man,
By kind illusions of the wond'ring sense
Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,
Or music to his ear : well-pleas'd he scans
The goodly prospect ; and with inward smiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain ;
Beholds the azure canopy of heav'n,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal spendor ; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth :
Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,

Nor

94. The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds
 Than space, or motion, or eternal time:
 So sweet he feels their influence to attract
 The fixed soul; to brighten the dull glooms
 Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
 Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
 Th' advent'rous heroe, bound on hard exploits,
 Beholds with glad surprize, by secret spells
 Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils,
 A visionary paradise disclos'd
 Amid the dubious wild: with streams, and shades,
 And airy songs, the enchanted landscape smiles,
 Cheers his long labours and renews his frame.

*The Advantages resulting from a well-form'd
 Imagination.* AKENSIDE.

O H! blest of heav'n, whom not the languid songs
 Of luxury, the Siren! not the bribes
 Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant honour can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
 Of nature fair imagination culls
 To charm th' enliven'd soul! What tho' not all
 Of mortal off-spring can attain the height
 Of envy'd life; tho' only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state;
 Yet nature's care, to all her children just,

With

With richer treasures and an ampler state
 Indows at large whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
 The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
 The princely dome, the column and the arch,
 The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
 Distills her dews, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
 Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
 Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes
 Fresh pleasure only: for th' attentive mind,
 By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
 Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
 In outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order, to exert
 Within herself this elegance of love,
 This fair-inspir'd delight: her temper'd pow'rs
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.

96 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
 On nature's form where negligent of all
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port
 Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
 The world's foundations, if to these the mind
 Exalts her daring eye ; then mightier far
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
 Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs ?
 Would sordid policies, the barb'rous growth
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ?
 Lo ! she appeals to nature, to the winds
 And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
 The elements and seasons : all declare
 For what th' eternal maker has ordain'd
 The pow'rs of man : we feel within ourselves
 His énergy divine : he tells the heart,
 He meant, he made us to behold and love
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb
 Of life and being ; to be great like him,
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men
 Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
 Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day,
 With his conceptions, act upon his plan ;
 And form to his, the relish of their souls.

Man's

*Man's Disobedience—Loss of Paradise—Satan
driven out of Heaven. MILTON.*

SAY first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy
view,

Nor the deep tract of Hell, say first what cause
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?

Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stir'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host

Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory 'bove his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim

Against the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n, and battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell

In adamantin chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,

98 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Confounded though immortal : But his doom
 Reserv'd him to more wrath ; for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him ; round he throws his baleful eyes,
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate :
 At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
 The dismal situation waste and wild ;
 A dungeon horrible on all sides round
 As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible
 Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all ; but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd :
 Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd
 For those rebellious, here their pris'n ordain'd
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
 As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.

Satan lying on the burning Lake. MILTON.

THUS Satan talking to his nearest mate
 With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
 That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge

As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
 Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
 Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
 By antient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
 Leviathan, which God of all his works
 Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream :
 Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
 Deeming some island, oft, as sea-men tell,
 With fixed anchor in his skaly rind
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays :
 So stretch'd out huge at length the Arch-Fiend lay
 Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling Heav'n
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
 Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shown
 On Man by him seduc'd, but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 His mighty stature ; on each hand the flames
 Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and
 roll'd
 In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid vale.
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry land

He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
 Of thund'ring Ætna, whose combustible
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
 Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
 And leave a sing'd bottom all involv'd
 With stench and smoke: Such resting found the
 sole
 Of unblest feet.

Pandemonium. MILTON.

A NON out of the earth a fabric huge
 Rose like an exhalation, with the found
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet;
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave; nor did there want
 Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures graven;
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
 Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
 Belus or Serapis their Gods; or seat
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
 Stood fix'd her stately highth, and strait the doors
 Opening their brazen folds discover wide

Within,

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 101

Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement : from the arched roof
Pendant by subtle magic many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus yielded light
As from a sky. —————

Satan's Speech to the Sun. MILTON.

O THOU that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless king :
Ah wherefore ! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard,
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due ! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high
I deind subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit

The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharg'd ; what burden then ?
 O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
 Then happy ; no unbounded hope had rais'd
 Ambition. Yet why not ? some other Power
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part ; but other Pow'rs as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand ?
 Thou hadst : whom hast thou then or what t'accuse,
 But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all ?
 Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay curs'd be thou ; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?
 Which way I fly is Hell ; myself am Hell ;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
 O then at last relent : is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?
 None left but by submission ; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame

Among

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 103

Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and scepter high advanc'd,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore? ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconciliation grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: All good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with Heaven's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long, and this new world shall know.

*Eve gives an Account of herself upon her first
Creation.* MILTON.

THAT day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
 Under a shade of flowers, much wond'ring where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
 Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
 With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
 As I bent down to look, just opposit-
 A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,
 Bending to look on me: I started back,
 It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks
 Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
 Mines eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
 What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
 Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
 Mother of human race. What could I do,
 But follow strait, invisibly thus led?

Till

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 105

Till I esp'y'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee be'ing I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee clame
My other half: with that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

*Adam and Eve, in a morning Hymn, call upon
all the Parts of the Creation to join with
them in extolling their common Maker.*

MILTON.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,

Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitst above these Heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.

Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
 On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
 fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
 Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honor to the world's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,

Or

Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices all ye living Souls ; ye Birds,
 That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
 To give us only good ; and if the night
 Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

Battle of Angels—first Fight. MILTON.

TO whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd.
 Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote :
 Unjustly thou depriv'st it with the name
 Of servitude to serve whom God ordains,
 Or Nature ; God and Nature bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels

Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
 Thyself not free, but to thyself inthrall'd;
 Yet lewdly dar'st our ministring upbraid.
 Reign thou in Hell thy kingdom; let me serve
 In Heav'n God ever blest, and his divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd;
 Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect: mean while
 From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So say'ing, a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
 Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
 He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
 His massy spear upstay'd; as if on earth
 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
 Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat
 Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
 The rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see
 Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and
 shout,

Prefage of victory, and fierce desire
 Of battel: whereat Michaël bid sound
 Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vast of
 Heaven

It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosanna to the High'est: nor stood at gaze
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 109

The horrid shock : now storming fury rose,
And clamour such as heard in Heaven till now
Was never ; arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd ; dire was the noise
Of conflict ; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battels main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage ; all Heaven
Resounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her center shook. What wonder ? when
Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions : how much more of power
Army 'gainst army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat ;
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their might ; tho' number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd
A numerous host, in strength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight yet leader seem'd
Each warrior single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battel, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war : no thought of flight,
None

110 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
 That argued fear ; each on himself rely'd,
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory : deeds of eternal fame
 Were done, but infinite ; for wide was spread
 That war and various, sometimes on firm ground
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
 Tormented all the air ; all air seem'd then
 Conflicting fire : long time in even scale
 The battel hung ; till Satan, who that day
 Prodigious pow'r had shown, and met in arms
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
 Squadrons at once : with huge two-handed sway
 Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down
 Wide wasting ; such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
 A vast circumference : At his approach
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
 Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
 Intestin war in Heav'n, th' arch-foe subdu'd
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
 And visage all inflam'd first thus began.

Author of ev'il, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
 These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself
 And thy adherents : how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'n's

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. III

Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion ? how hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright
And faithful, now prov'd false ? But think not here
To trouble holy rest ; Heav'n casts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew ; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.

So spake the prince of Angels ; to whom thus
The Adversary. Nor think thou with wind
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with
threats

To chace me hence ? err not that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we stile
The strife of glory ; which we mean to win,
Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign : mean while thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have fought thee far and nigh.

112 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
 Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
 Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
 Human imagination to such highth
 Of Godlike pow'r? for likest Gods they seem'd,
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
 Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.
 Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
 Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
 Blaz'd opposit, while expectation stood
 In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd,
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion: such as, to set forth
 Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,
 Among the constellations war were sprung,
 Two planets rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition in mid sky
 Sould combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
 Together both with next to' almighty arm
 Up-lifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
 That might determin, and not need repeat,
 As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd
 In might or swift prevention: but the sword
 Of Michael from the armoury of God
 Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,

But

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 113

But with swift wheel reverse, deep entring shar'd
All his right side : then Satan first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd ; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd thro' him : but th' ethereal substance clos'd,
Not long divisible ; and from the gash
A stream of necta'rous humor issuing flow'd
Sanguin, such as celestial Spi'rits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd
Defense, while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd
From off the files of war ; there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame,
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd ; for Spi'rits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die ;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air :
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense ; and as they please,
They limb themselves, and color, shape or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,

And

And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
 Of Molech furious King ; who him defy'd,
 And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
 Threaten'd, not from the Holy One of Heaven
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous ; but anon
 Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
 Uriel and Raphaël his vaunting foe,
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
 Vanquish'd Adramelech, and Asmadai,
 Two potent Thrones, that to be less than Gods
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their
 flight,
 Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and
 mail.

Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
 The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
 Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
 Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.
 I might relate of thousands, and their names
 Eternize here on earth ; but those elect
 Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven,
 Seek not the praise of men : the other sort,
 In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
 Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
 For strength from truth divided and from just,
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
 And ignominy, yet to glory aspires

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 115

Vain glorious, and through infamy seeks fame :
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

And now their mightiest quell'd, the battel
 swerv'd,

With many an inroad gor'd ; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul disorder ; all the ground
With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming steeds ; what stood, recoil'd
O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpriz'd,
Then first with fear surpriz'd and sense of pain,
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
By sin of disobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear or flight or pain..
Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints
In cubic phalanx firm advanc'd intire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd ;
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,
Not to have disobey'd ; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, tho' from their place by violence mov'd.

Now night her course began, and over Heaven
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious din of war:
Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquish'd : on the foughten field
Michael and his Angels prevalent

116 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round
 Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
 Far in the dark dislodg'd; and void of rest,
 His potentates to council call'd by night.

Second Fight. MILTON.

NOW when fair morn in orient Heav'n ap-
 pear'd,
 Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms
 The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
 Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
 Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
 Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed
 scour,
 Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
 In motion or in halt: him soon they met
 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in flow
 But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
 Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
 Came fly'ing, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd.

Arm, Warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
 This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
 He comes, and settled in his face I see

Sad resolution and secure : let each
 His adamantin coat gird well, and each
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
 Borne ev'n or high ; for this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture ought, no drizzling shower,
 But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.
 So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon
 In order, quit of all impediment ;
 Instant without disturb they took alarm,
 And onward move embattel'd : when behold
 Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
 Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
 Training his devilish enginry, impal'd
 On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
 A while ; but suddenly at head appear'd
 Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold ;
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek
 Peace and compofure, and with open breast
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse ;
 But that I doubt ; however witness Heaven,
 Heaven witness thou anon, while we discharge
 Freely our part ; ye who appointed stand,
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
 Had ended ; when to right and left the front

Divided,

118 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Divided, and to either flank retir'd:
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Brass, iron, stony mold, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd.
From those deep throated engins belch'd, whose
 roar

Imbowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which on the victor host
Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit none on their feet might stand,
Tho' standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel roll'd;
The sooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
Have easily as Spi'rits evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout;
Nor serv'd it to relax their serried files.
What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
 Repeated,

Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to their foes a laughter; for in view
 Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
 In posture to displode their second tire
 Of thunder; back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

O Friends, why come not on these victors proud?
 Ere while they fierce were coming, and when we
 To entertain them fair with open front
 And breast (what could we more?) propounded
 terms

Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
 For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
 If our proposals once again were heard,
 We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood.
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
 And stumbled many; who receives them right,
 Had need from head to foot well understand;
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,
 They show us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein
 Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
 All doubt of victory; eternal might
 To match with their inventions they presum'd
 So easy', - and of his thunder made a scorn,

And

And all his host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble : but they stood not long ;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them
arms

Against such hellish mischief fit to' oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heaven
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew;
From their foundations loosning to and fro
They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands: Amaze,
Be sure, and terror seiz'd the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on those cursed engines triple-row
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd;
Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and
bruis'd

Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 121

Out of such pris'n, though Spi'rits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore;
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise; war seem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin over-spread;
Had not th' almighty Father, where he sits
Shrin'd in his sanctuary of Heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To honor his anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All pow'r on him transferr'd.———

*The Glory of the Victory reserved for the Mes-
siah.* MILTON.

SO said, he o'er his scepter bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where he sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with
whirl-wind sound

G

The

122 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The chariot of paternal Deity,
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
 Itself instinct with Spirit, but convoy'd
 By four Cherubic shapes; four faces each
 Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all
 And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels
 Of beril, and carreering fires between;
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,
 Whereon a saphir throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colors of the show'ry arch.
 He in celestial panoply all-arm'd
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended; at his right hand victory
 Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd,
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
 Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire:
 Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
 He onward came, far off his coming shone;
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:
 He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
 On the crystallin sky, in saphir thron'd,
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
 First seen; them unexpected joy surpris'd,
 When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd
 Aloft by Angels borne, his sign in Heaven;
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
 His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
 Under their Head imbody'd all in one.

Before

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 123

Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd :
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place ; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious ; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their Powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heavenly Spi'rits could such perverseness dwell ?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent ?
They harden'd more by what might more reclame,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy ; and aspiring to his highth,
Stood reimbattel'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last ; and now
To final battel drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat ; when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake.

Stand still in bright array, ye Saints, here stand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battel rest ;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause,
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done
Invincibly ; but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs ;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints :

Number to this day's work is not ordain'd
 Nor multitude ; stand only and behold
 God's indignation on these Godless pour'd
 By me ; not you but me they have despis'd,
 Yet envied ; against me is all their rage,
 Because the Father, t' whom in Heav'n supreme
 Kingdom and pow'r and glory appertains,
 Hath honor'd me according to his will.
 Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd ;
 That they may have their wish, to try with me
 In battel which the stronger proves, they all,
 Or I alone against them, since by strength
 They measure all, of other excellence
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels ;
 Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
 His countenance too severe to be beheld,
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
 At once the Four spread out their starry wings
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
 Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,
 Gloomy as night ; under his burning wheels
 The stedfast empyréan shook throughout,
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
 Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
 Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
 Plagues ; they astonish'd all resistance lost,
 All courage ; down their idle weapons dropt ;
 O'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode

Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
 That wish'd the mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes ;
 One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
 Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength,
 And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
 His thunder in mid voly ; for he meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n :
 The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
 Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd
 Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds
 And crystal wall of Heav'n, which opening wide,
 Roll'd inward, and a spacious gasp disclos'd
 Into the wasteful deep ; the monstrous sight
 Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urg'd them behind ; headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of Heav'n ; eternal wrath
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
 Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
 Affrighted ; but strict fate had cast too deep
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
 Nine days they fell ; confounded Chaos roar'd
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall

Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
 Incumber'd him with ruin : Hell at last
 Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
 Hell their fit habitation fraught with fire
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
 Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
 Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
 Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes
 Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd :
 To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
 Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
 With jubilee advanc'd ; and as they went,
 Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
 Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
 Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
 Worthiest to reign : he celebrated rode
 Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts
 And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
 On high ; who into glory him receiv'd,
 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

*The Messiah, surrounded with an host of Angels,
 goes forth in the Power of his Father, to
 perform the Work of Creation. MILTON.*

———**M**EAN while the Son
 On his great expedition now appear'd,
 Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 127

Of majesty divine ; sapience and love
Immense, and all his Father, in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spi'rits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage ; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendent on their Lord : Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyfs
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heav'n's highth, and with the center mix the pole.

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep,
peace,

Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end :
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn ;
For Chaos heard his voice : him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
 He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
 This universe, and all created things :
 One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,
 And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
 This be thy just circumference, O world.

*The Messiah returns to Heaven, and takes a
 Survey of his Work. MILTON.*

HERE finish'd he, and all that he had made
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good ;
 So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day :
 Yet not till the Creator from his work
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'n's his high abode,
 Thence to behold this new created world
 Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies : the earth, the air
 Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardst)
 The Heav'ns and all the constellations rung,
 The planets in their station list'ning stood,

While

While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
 The great Creator from his work return'd
 Magnificent, his six days work, a world.

*Adam gives an Account of his Condition and
 Sentiments immediately after his Creation.*

MILTON.

— A S new wak'd from soundest sleep
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
 Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.
 Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
 And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd
 By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
 Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
 Hill dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these,
 Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
 Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigor led:

130 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
 Knew not; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
 Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,
 And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye Hills, and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair Creatures tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
 Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
 In goodness and in pow'r præeminent;
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,
 And feel that I am happier than I know.
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld
 This happy light, when answer none return'd,
 On a green shady bank profuse of flowers
 Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
 First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
 My droused sense, untroubled, though I thought
 I then was passing to my former state
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My fancy to believe I yet had being.

Adam

*Adam describes a Conference which he held with
his Maker upon the Subject of Solitude.*

MILTON.

O BY what name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or ought than mankind
higher,

Surpass'est far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this universe,
And all this good to man? for whose well being
So amply, and with hands so liberal
Thou hast provided all things: but with me
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

What call'st thou solitude? is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee? know'st thou not
Their language and their ways? they also know,
And reason not contemptibly; with these
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
So ord'ring. I with leave of speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, heavenly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.

Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,

132 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

And these inferior far beneath me set?
 Among unequals what society
 Can sort; what harmony or true delight?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due
 Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparity
 The one intense, the other still remiss
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak
 Such as I seek, fit to participate
 All rational delight, wherein the brute
 Cannot be human consort; they rejoice
 Each with their kind, lion with lions; ;
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;
 Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd not displeas'd.
 A nice and subtle happiness I see
 Thou to thyself propos'st, in the choice
 Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
 What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
 Of happiness, or not? who am alone
 From all eternity, for none I know
 Second to me or like, equal much less.
 How have I then with whom to hold converse
 Save with the creatures which I made, and those
 To me inferior, infinite descents
 Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attain
 The highth and depth of thy eternal ways
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things;
 Thou

Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
 Is no deficiency found ; not so is Man,
 But in degree, the cause of his desire
 By conversation with his like to help,
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou
 Shouldst propagate, already infinite,
 And through all numbers absolute, though one ;
 But Man by number is to manifest
 His single imperfection, and beget
 Like of his like, his image multiply'd,
 In unity defective, which requires
 Collateral love, and dearest amity.
 Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
 Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
 Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
 Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt
 Of union or communion, deify'd ;
 I by conversing cannot these erect
 From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.
 Thus I imbolden'd spake, and freedom us'd
 Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
 This answer from the gracious voice divine.

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,
 And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,
 Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself,
 Expressing well the spi'rit within thee free,
 My image, not imparted to the brute,
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
 And be so minded still ; I, ere thou spak'st,
 Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
 And no such company as then thou saw'st

Intended

134 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet :
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

*Adam's Joy and Gratitude upon the Discovery
of a Creature resembling the Apparition pre-
sented to him in his Dream.* MILTON.

WHEN out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable : On she came,
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites ;
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy Words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
Before me ; Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted ; for this cause he shall forego
Father and Mother, and to' his wife adhere ;
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 135

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modesty,
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
The more desirable, or to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;
I follow'd her, she what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her blushing like the morn: all Heaven,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.

*Satan's Soliloquy after traversing the Globe, and
examining the Nature of every Creature.*

MILTON.

O EARTH, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
More justly, feat worthier of Gods, as built
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For

136 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

For what God after better worse would build?
 Terrestrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other Heavens
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
 Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,
 In thee concentring all their precious beams
 Of sacred influence! As God in Heaven
 Is center, yet extends to all, so thou
 Centring receiv'st from all those orbs; in thee,
 Not in themselves, all their known virtue' appears
 Productive in herb plant, and nobler birth
 Of creatures animate with gradual life
 Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man.
 With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
 If I could joy in ought, sweet interchange
 Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods and plains,
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,
 Rocks, dens, and caves! but I in none of these
 Find place or refuge; and the more I see
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
 Torment within me', as from the hateful siege
 Of contraries; all good to me becomes
 Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.
 But neither here seek I, no nor in Heaven
 To dwell, unless by mast'ring Heav'n's Supreme;
 Nor hope to be myself less miserable
 By what I seek, but others to make such
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
 For only in destroying I find ease
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd,
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,

For

For whom all this was made, all this will soon
 Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe,
 In woe then; that destruction wide may range:
 To me shall be the glory sole among
 Th' infernal Pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd
 What he Almighty stil'd, six nights and days
 Continued making, and who knows how long
 Before had been contriving, though perhaps
 Not longer than since I in one night freed
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half
 Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
 Of his adorers: he to be aveng'd,
 And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd
 More Angels to create, if they at least
 Are his created, or to spite us more,
 Determin'd to advance into our room
 A creature form'd of earth, and him endow
 Exalted from so base original,
 With heavenly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed
 He' effected; Man he made, and for him built
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
 Him lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!
 Subjected to his service Angel wings,
 And flaming ministers to watch and tend
 Their earthly charge: Of these the vigilance
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
 Of midnight vapour glide obscure, and pry
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find
 The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.

O foul descent ! that I who erst contended
 With Gods to sit the high'est, am now constrain'd
 Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime,
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
 That to the highth of deity aspir'd ;
 But what will not ambition and revenge
 Descend to ? who aspires must down as low
 As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter ere long back on itself recoils ;
 Let it ; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next
 Provokes my envy. this new fav'rite
 Of Heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,
 Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd
 From dust : spite then with spite is best repaid.

*Eve addresses herself to Adam for Pardon—
 their Reconciliation, &c.* MILTON.

HE added not, and from her turn'd ; but Eve
 Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not
 flowing,

And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
 Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forſake me not thus, Adam, witness Heaven
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart

I bear

I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappily deceiv'd ; thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not,
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
 My only strength and stay : forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
 Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
 That cruel Serpent : On me exercise not
 Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,
 On me already lost, me than thyself
 More miserable ; both have sinn'd, but thou
 Against God only', I against God and thee,
 And to the place of judgment will return,
 There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all
 The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
 Me, me only, just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
 Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
 Commiseration ; soon his heart relented
 Tow'ards her, his life so late and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,
 Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
 His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid ;
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwary',

Unwary', and too desirous, as before,
 So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
 The punishment all on thyself; alas,
 Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
 His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
 And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
 Could alter high decrees, I to that place
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
 That on my head all might be visited,
 Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
 To me committed and by me expos'd.
 But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
 Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
 In offices of love, how we may lighten
 Each other's burden, in our share of woe.

*Our first Parents offer up their penitential Prayers
 on the very Place where their Judge ap-
 peared to them, when he pronounced their
 Sentence.*

MILTON.

WHAT better can we do, than to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate
 fall

Before him reverent, and there confess
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign

Of

Of sorrow' unfeign'd, and humiliation meek ?
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his displeasure ; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem'd and most severe,
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone.

So spake our father penitent, nor Eve
Felt less remorse : they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow' unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

*Eve's Complaint, upon hearing that she was to
be removed from the Garden of Paradise.*

MILTON.

MUST I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and
shades,

Fit haunt of Gods ? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,

Who

Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?
 Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd,
 With what to fight or smell was sweet, from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

Adam's Speech to Michael, &c. MILTON.

C E L E S T I A L, whether among the Thrones,
 or nam'd

Of them the high'est, for such of shape may seem
 Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
 And in performing end us; what besides
 Of sorrow and dejection and despair
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet
 Recess, and only consolation left
 Familiar to our eyes, all places else
 Inhospitable appear and desolate,
 Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
 Incessant I could hope to change the will
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease
 To weary him with my assiduous cries:
 But pray'r against his absolute decree
 No more avails than breath against the wind,

Blown

Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth :
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
 This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
 As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
 His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent
 With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd
 Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
 On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
 Stood visible, among these pines his voice
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd :
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
 Or monument to ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet smelling gums, and fruits and flowers :
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or foot-step trace ?
 For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
 To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

*Our Saviour's Rep'y to Satan, when tempted
 by him in the Wilderness. MILTON.*

TO whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
 Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
 For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
 For glory's sake, by all thy argument.

For

For what is glory but the blaze of Fame,
 The people's praise, if always praise unmixt ?
 And what the people but a herd confus'd,
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
 Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the
 praise ?

They praise, and they admire they know not what;
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
 To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
 Of whom to be despis'd were no small praise ?
 His lot who dares be singularly good.

Th' intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
 This is true glory and renown, when God
 Looking on th' Earth, with approbation marks
 The just man, and divulges him through Heav'n
 To all his Angels, who with true applause
 Recount his praises ; thus he did to Job,
 When to extend his fame, thro' Heav'n and Earth,
 As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
 He ask'd thee, hast thou seen my servant Job ?

Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth less known ;
 Where glory is false glory, attributed
 To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
 They err who count it glorious to subdue
 By conquest far and wide, to over-run
 Large countries, and in field great battels win,
 Great cities by assault : what do these worthies,
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave

Peaccable

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 145

Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their Conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
 Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
 Worship'd with Temple, Priest and Sacrifice;
 One is the son of *Jove*, of *Mars* the other;
 Till Conqu'ror Death discovers them scarce men,
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.
 But if there be in glory ought of good,
 It may by means far different be attain'd
 Without ambition, war, or violence;
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance; I mention still
 Him whom thy wrongs with Saintly patience born,
 Made famous in a Land and times obscure;
 Who names not now with honour patient *Job*?
 Poor *Socrates* (who next more memorable?)
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest Conquerors.
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
 Aught suffer'd; if young *African* for fame
 His wasted country freed from *Punic* rage,
 The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.

H

Shall

Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek
 Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

*Description of a horrid Night, which Satan is
 feigned to have conjur'd up in the Wilderness.*

MILTON.

— — — **D**ARKNESS now rose,
 As day-light sunk, and brought in lowring night
 Her shad'wy off-spring, unsubstantial both,
 Privation meer of light and absent day.
 Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind
 After his aery jaunt, though hurry'd fore,
 Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
 Whose branching arms thick intertwin'd might
 shield
 From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
 But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head
 The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
 Disturb'd his sleep; and either Tropic now
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the clouds
 From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
 Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
 In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds
 Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 147

On the vext Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst
Unshaken; nor yet staid the terror there,
Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some
shriek'd,

Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'st unappal'd in calm and sinless peace.
Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with Pilgrim steps in amice grey;
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly Spectres which the Fiend had rais'd,
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.

False Greatness.

Dr. WATTS.

I.

MY LO, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large Estate,
Should all the treasures of the *West*
meet, and conspire to make him Great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad stream with golden sands
Thro' all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

H 2

He

II.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
 And proudly poizing what he weighs,
 In his own scale he fondly lays

Huge heaps of shining oar.

He spreads the balance wide to hold

His manors and his farms,

And cheats the beams with loads of gold

He hugs between his arms.

So might the plough-boy climb the tree,

When *Cræsus* mounts his throne,

And both stand up, and smile to see

How long their shadow's grown.

Alas ! how vain their fancies be

To think that shape their own !

III.

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,

Cræsus himself can never know ;

His true dimensions and his weight

Are far inferior to their show.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,

Or grasp the ocean with my span,

I must be measur'd by my Soul :

The mind's the standard of the man.

True

Nov
In f
Of t
All
Firm

True Monarchy.

Dr. WATTS.

THE rising year beheld th' imperious *Gaul*
Stretch his dominion, while a hundred
Towns

Crouch to the victor : but a steady soul
Stands firm on its own base, and reigns as wide,
As absolute ; and sways ten thousand slaves,
Lusts and wild fancies with a sovereign hand.

We are a little kingdom ; but the man
That chains his rebel will to reason's throne,
Forms it a large one, whilst his royal mind
Makes heaven its council, from the rolls above
Draws his own statutes, and with joy obeys.

'Tis not a troop of well appointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe
Dy'd in the people's blood, not all the crowns
Or dazling tiars that bend about the head,
Tho' gilt with sun-beams and set round with stars.
A monarch he that conquers all his fears,
And treads upon them ; when he stands alone,
Makes his own camp ; four guardian virtues wait
His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams.
Now dawns the light ; he ranges all his thoughts
In square battalions, bold to meet th' attacks
Of time and chance, himself a num'rous host,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day.
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.

150 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

In vain the harlot, pleasure, spreads her charms,
To lull his thoughts in luxury's fair lap,
To sensual ease, (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whose waxen images of souls
Are moulded into softness) still his mind
Wears its own shape, nor can the heavenly form
Stoop to be model'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noise
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the shouts
Of popular applause, that empty sound ;
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or spite or envy. In himself secure,
Wisdom his tower, and conscience is his shield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition swells, my wishes soar,
This be my kingdom : sit above the globe
My rising soul, and dress thyself around
And shine in virtue's armour, climb the height
Of wisdom's lofty castle, there reside
Safe from the smiling and the frowning world.

Yet once a day drop down a gentle look
On the great mole-hill; and with pitying eye
Survey the busy emmets round the heap,
Crouding and bustling in a thousand forms
Of strife and toil, to purchase wealth and fame,
A bubble or a dust : Then call thy thoughts
Up to thyself to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without renown.

True Riches.

Dr. WATTS.

I AM not concerned to know
What to-morrow fate will do :
'Tis enough that I can say,
I've possess'd myself to-day :
Then if haply midnight death
Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.

Glittering stones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone
I could never call my own :
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose ;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself awhile,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as *Eden's* happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here on all the shining boughs
Knowledge fair and useful grows ;
On the same young flow'ry tree
All the seasons you may see ;

152 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Notions in the bloom of light,
 Just disclosing to the sight ;
 Here are thoughts of larger growth,
 Rip'ning into solid truth ;
 Fruits refin'd, of noble Taste ;
 Seraphs feed on such repast.
 Here in a green and shady grove,
 Streams of pleasure mix with love ;
 There beneath the smiling skies
 Hills of contemplation rise ;
 Now upon some shining top
 Angels light, and call me up ;
 I rejoice to raise my feet,
 Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more
 Earth hath no resemblance for ;
 Nothing like them round the pole,
 Nothing can describe the soul :
 'Tis a region half unknown,
 That has treasures of its own,
 More remote from public view
 Than the bowels of *Peru* ;
 Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
 Than the golden *Indies* are ;
 Ships that trace the watery stage
 Cannot coast it in an age ;
 Harts, or Horses, strong and fleet,
 Had they wings to help their feet,
 Could not run it half way o'er
 In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly wandring mind,
 Loth to be too much confin'd,

Roves and takes her daily tours,
 Coasting round the narrow shores,
 Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
 Picking shells and pebbles thence :
 Or she sits at fancy's door,
 Calling shapes and shadows to her,
 Foreign visits still receiving,
 And t' herself a stranger living,
 Never, never would she buy
Indian dust, or *Tyrian* dye.
 Never trade abroad for more,
 If she saw her native store,
 If her inward worth were known
 She might ever live alone.

The splendid Shilling. An Imitation of Milton.
 PHILLIPS.

HAPPY the man, who void of cares and
 strife,
 In silken or in leathern purse retains
 A *Splendid Shilling* : He nor hears with pain
 New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale ;
 But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
 To *Juniper's*, *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs :
 Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
 Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or *Phillis*; he each circling glass
 Wishteth her health, and joy, and equal love.
 Mean while he smoaks and laughs at merry tale,

Or *Pan* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
 But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
 (Wretched repast !) my meagre corps sustain :
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd fingers ; or from tube as black
 As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
 Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming scent :
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size
 Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in pedigree,
 Sprung from *Cadwalladar* and *Arthur*, kings
 Full famous in romantic tale) when he
 O'er many a craggy hill, and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his wares, or at th' *Arvonian* mart,
 Or *Maridunum*, or the antient town
 Eclip'd *Brochonia*, or where *Vaga's* stream
 Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful soil,
 Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
 With *Massic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a *Dunn*,
 Horrible monster ! hated by gods and men,
 To my aerial citadel ascends :
 With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gates,
 With hideous accent thrice he calls ; I know
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
 What should I do ? or whither turn ? Amaz'd,

Confound'd, to the dark recess I fly
 Of wood-hole; strait my bristling hairs erect
 Thro' sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
 My shud'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
 So horrible he seems! his faded brow
 Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern faints,
 Disastrous acts forbode; in his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters, and figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods avert
 Such plagues from righteous men!) behind him
 stalks

Another monster, not unlike himself,
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A *Catchpole*, whose polluted hands the gods
 With force incredible, and magic charms
 Erst have endu'd, if he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of Debtor, strait his body, to the touch
 Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
 In durance strict detain him, till in form
 Of money, *Pallas* sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk beware,
 Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
 This caitif eyes your steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch

With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin to domestic vermin sworn
 An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
 Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
 Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall, or kitchen spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant flies: She secret stands
 Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their arts, nor arms, nor shapes of lovely hue;
 The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
 And butterfly proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
 Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
 She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
 Then with evenom'd jaws the vital blood
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
 Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
 This world envelop, and th' inclement air
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
 With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
 Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
 Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of loving friend delights; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
 My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 137

Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
 Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
 Or lover pendent on a willow-tree :
 Mean while, I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish, and rave ; my parched throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :
 But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale :
 In vain ; awake I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live from pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
 Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,
 Nor *Walnut* in rough furrow'd coat secure,
 Nor *Medlar*, fruit delicious in decay :

Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :
 My *Galigaskins* that have long withstood
 The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
 By time subdu'd, (what will not time subdue !)
 An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
 Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful force
 Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
 Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship
 Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' *Ægean* deep,
 Or the *Ionian*, till cruising near
 The *Lilybean* shore, with hideous crush
 On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous rocks)

She

158 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd oak,
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
 The mariners, death in their eyes appears,
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
 pray:
 (Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in
 Implacable, till delug'd by the foam,
 The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyss.

A Hymn to Contentment. PARNELL.

L OVELY, lasting peace of mind!
 Sweet delight of human-kind!
 Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
 To crown the fav'rites of the sky
 With more of happiness below
 Than victors in a triumph know!
 Whither, O whither art thou fled,
 To lay thy meek contented head!
 What happy regions dost thou please
 To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere
 Of pomp and state, to meet thee there:
 Increasing avarice would find
 Thy presence in its gold inshrin'd.

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 159

The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
Thro' rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love ; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees dafies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought ; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground :
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below ;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear !
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with *Eden* blest'd,
And man contains it in his breast.

'I was thus, as under shade I stood,
And sung my wishes to the wood,
And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd :
It seem'd, as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the grace.
When thus she spoke——Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,

Know

160 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow :
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat ;
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy ;
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heav'nly vision, praise, and pray'r ;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and blest'd with God alone :
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight ;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song :
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And Thee, *Great source of nature*, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day ;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light ;
The stars that gild the gloomy night ;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain ;
All of these, and all I see,
Shou'd be sung, and sung by me :
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of Man.

Go, search among your idle dreams,
Your *busy* or your *vain* extreams ;
And find a life of equal blifs,
Or own the *next* begun in *This*.

A Night-Piece on Death. PARNELL.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er :
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught *below*:

How deep yon azure dyes the sky !
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While thro' their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show,
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire :
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.

That

That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.

There pass with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-fad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee they life possess,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.

Those graves with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where *Toil* and *Poverty* repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our sett of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away)
A Middle Race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs and bones,
These (all the poor remains of state)
Adorn the *Rich*, or praise the *Great*;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale *Cynthia* fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades?
All slow, and wan, and wrapt with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crouds,

And

And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
 That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
 Methinks I hear a *Voice* begin ;
 (Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
 Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
 O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
 It sends a peal of hollow groans,
 Thus speaking from among the bones.

When men my scythe and darts supply,
 How great a *King of Fears* am I !
 They view me like the last of things :
 They make, and then they dread, my sting !
 Fools ! if you less provok'd your fears,
 No more my spectre-form appears.
 Death's but a path that must be trod,
 If man wou'd ever pass to God :
 A port of calms, a state of ease
 From the rough rage of swelling seas :

Why then thy flowing fable stoles,
 Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,
 Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
 Long palls, drawn herfes, cover'd steeds,
 And plumes of black, that as they tread,
 Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead ?

Nor can the parted body know,
 Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe :
 As men who long in prison dwell,
 With lamps that glimmer round the cell,

Whene'er

Whene'er their suff'ring years are run,
 Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun :
 Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,
 Have pious souls at parting hence.
 On earth, and in the body plac'd,
 A few, and evil years they waste :
 But when their chains are cast aside,
 See the glad scene unfolding wide,
 Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
 And mingle with the blaze of day.

Reflections on Life, Death, and Immortality.

YOUNG.

TIR'D nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep !
 He, like the world, his ready visit pays
 Where fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes :
 Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
 And lights on lids unfully'd with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
 I wake : How happy they, who wake no more !
 Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
 I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
 Tumultuous ; where my wreck'd, desponding
 thought,

From wave to wave of *fansy'd* misery,
 At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
 Tho' now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
 (A bitter change !) severer for severe.

The

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 165

The *day* too short for my distress ! and *night*,
Ev'n in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
Is sun-shine, to the colour of my fate.

Night, fable goddess ! from her *ebon* throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead ! and darkness, how profound !
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds ;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis, as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause ;
An awful pause ! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd ;
Fate ! drop the curtain ; I can lose no more.

Silence, and *Darkness* ! solemn sisters ! twins
From antient *Night*, who nurse the tender thought
To *reason*, and on reason build *resolve*,
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me : I will thank you in the grave ;
The grave, your kingdom : *There* this frame shall
fall

A victim sacred to your dreary shrine :
But what are ye? ——— ———

THOU, who didst put to flight
Primæval *Silence*, when the morning-stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball ;
O THOU ! whose word from solid *Darkness* struck
That spark, the sun ; strike wisdom from my soul ;
My soul, which flies to Thee, her trust, her trea-
sure,

As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Thro' this opaque of *nature*, and of *soul*,

This

This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
 To lighten, and to chear. O lead my mind,
 (A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
 Lead it thro' various scenes of *life*, and *death*;
 And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
 Nor less inspire my *conduct*, than my *song*;
 Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
 Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
 Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
 Nor let the Phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
 On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes *one*. We take no note of time,
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the *knell* of my departed hours:
 Where are they? with the years beyond the flood,
 It is the *signal* that demands dispatch;
 How much is to be done? my hopes and fears
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;
 A dread eternity! how surely *mine*!
 And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
 How passing wonder HE, who made him such!
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
 From diff'rent natures marvelously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
 Distinguish'd *link* in Being's endless chain!

Midway

Midway from nothing to the Deity!

A beam ethereal, sully'd, and absorpt!

Tho sully'd, and dishonour'd, still divine!

Dim miniature of greatness absolute!

An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!

Helpless immortal! *insect infinite!*

A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,

And in myself am lost! At home a stranger,

Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd, aghast,

And wond'ring at her *own*: how reason reels!

O what a miracle to man is man,

Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!

Alternately transported, and alarm'd!

What can preserve my life? or what destroy?

An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;

Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:

While o'er my limbs *sleep's* soft dominion spread,

What tho' my soul phantastic measures trod

O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom

Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep

Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled
pool;

Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,

With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?

Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature

Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;

Active, æreal, tow'ring, unconfin'd,

Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.

Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul *immortal*:

Ev'n

Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.

For human weal, Heav'n husbands all events,
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then *their* loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs a-
round,

In infidel distress? Are *angels* there?

Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?

They live! they greatly live a life on earth

Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye

Of tenderness, let heav'nly pity fall

On me, more justly number'd with the dead.

This is the desert, *this* the solitude:

How populous! how vital, is the grave!

This is creation's melancholy vault,

The vale funereal, the sad *cypress* gloom;

The land of apparitions, empty shades!

All, all on earth is *shadow*, all beyond

Is *substance*; the reverse is folly's *creed*:

How solid all, where change shall be no more?

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,

The twilight of our day, the vestibule;

Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,

Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,

This gross impediment of clay remove,

And make us *embryos* of existence free.

From *real* life, but little more remote

Is *He*, not yet a candidate for light,

The *future* embryo, slumbring in his fire.

Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,

Yon ambient, azure shell, and spring to life,
 The life of Gods: O transport! and of man.
 Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all his thoughts;
 Interrs celestial hopes without one sigh.
 Pris'ner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by Heav'n
 To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
 Where *seraphs* gather immortality,
 On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
 What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring flow,
 In HIS full beam, and ripen for the just,
 Where momentary ages are no more!
 Where time, and pain, and chance, and death,
 expire!

And is it in the flight of threescore years,
 To push eternity from human thought,
 And smother souls immortal in the dust?
 A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
 Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
 At ought this scene can threaten, or indulge,
 Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,
 To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself.
 How was my heart incrust'd by the world?
 O how self-fetter'd was my grov'ling soul!
 How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
 In silken thought, which reptile *fancy* spun,
 Till darken'd *reason* lay quite clouded o'er

With soft conceit of endless comfort *here*,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Night-visions may befriend (as sung above):
Our *waking* dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impossible! (Could sleep do more?)

Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!

Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!

Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!

How richly were my noon-tide trances hung

With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!

Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!

Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue

Calls daily for his millions at a meal,

Starting I woke, and found myself undone.

Where now my phrensy's pompous furniture?

The *cobweb'd* cottage, with its ragged wall

Of mould'ring mud, is *royalty* to me!

The *spider's* most attenuated thread

Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie

On earthly bliss; it breaks at ev'ry breeze.

O ye blest scenes of *permanent* delight!

Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!

A *perpetuity* of bliss, is bliss.

Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,

That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,

And quite unparadise the realms of light.

Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres;

The baleful influence of whose giddy dance

Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath,

Here

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 171

Here teems with revolutions ev'ry hour ;
And rarely for the better ; or the *best*,
More mortal than the *common* births of fate.
Each *moment* has its sickle, emulous
Of *Time's* enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root : each *moment* plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary blifs.

Blifs ! sublunary blifs !—Proud words, and vain !
Implicit treason to divine decree !
A bold invasion of the rights of heav'n !
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace !
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart !

Death ! great proprietor of all ! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines ;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his
sphere.

Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy *partial* quiver on a mark so mean ?
Why thy *peculiar* rancour wreak'd on *me* ?
Infatiate archer ! could not *one* suffice ?
Thy shaft flew *thrice* ; and *thrice* my peace was
slain ;

And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.

O *Cynthia* ! why so pale ? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour ? Grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life ?

172 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

How wanes my *borrow'd* bliss ! from *Fortune's* smile,
Precarious courtesy ! not *virtue's* sure,
Self-given, *solar*, ray of sound delight.

In ev'ry vary'd posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy !
Thought, busy thought ! too busy for my peace !
Thro' the dark postern of time long elaps'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, like a murderer (and such it proves !)
Strays, (wretched rover !) o'er the pleasing *past* ;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays ;
And finds all desert *now* ; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys ; a num'rous train !
I rue the riches of my former fate ;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament ;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear ;
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why *complain* ? or why complain for one ?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The *single* man ? Are angels all beside ?
I mourn for millions : 'tis the common lot ;
In *this* shape, or in *that*, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs of *pain*.

War, famine, pest, vulcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, *Oppression*, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple bras, besiege mankind.
God's image disinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made.
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,

Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life ;
 And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
 In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
 Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour sav'd,
 If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.

Want, and incurable *disease*, (fell pair !)
 On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
 At once ; and make a refuge of the grave.
 How groaning *hospitals* eject their dead !
 What numbers groan for sad admission there !
 What numbers, once in *Fortune's* lap high-fed,
 Solicit the cold hand of charity !

To shock us more, solicit it in vain !
 Ye silken sons of pleasure ! since in pains
 You rue more modish visits, visit *here*,
 And breathe from your debauch ! *give*, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you : but so great
 Your impudence, you blush at what is right !

Happy ! did sorrow seize on *such* alone.
 Not *prudence* can defend, or *virtue* save ;
 Disease invades the chastest temperance ;
 And punishment the guiltless ; and alarm,
 Thro' thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
 Man's caution often into danger turns,
 And his guard falling, crushes him to death.
 Not *happinefs* itself makes good her name ;
 Our very wishes give us not our wish.
 How distant oft the thing we doat on most,
 From that for which we doat, *felicity* ?
 The *smoothest* course of nature has its pains ;

And *truest* friends, thro' error, wound our rest.
 Without misfortune, what calamities !
 And what hostilities, without a foe !
 Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
 But endless is the list of human ills,
 And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe
 Is tenanted by man ! the rest a *waste*,
 Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands :
 Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death,
 Such is earth's melancholy map ! But, far
 More sad ! this earth is a true map of *man*.
 So bounded are its haughty lord's *delights*;
 To *woe's* wide empire ; where deep *troubles* tofs,
 Loud *sorrows* howl, envenom'd *passions* bite,
 Rav'nous *calamities* our vitals seize,
 And threat'ning *fate* wide opens to devour.

What then am I, who sorrow for *myself* ?
 In age, in infancy, from others aid
 Is all our hope ; to teach us to be *kind*.
That, nature's *first*, *last* lesson to mankind ;
 The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.
 More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts ;
 And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
 Nor virtue, more than *prudence*, bids me give
 Swoln thought a *second* channel ; who divide,
 They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
 Take then, O *world* ! thy much-indebted tear.
 How sad a sight is human happiness,
 To those whose thought can pierce beyond an
 hour !

O thou !

O thou ! whate'er thou art ! whose heart exults !
 Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate ?
 I know thou wouldst ; thy pride demands it from
 me.

Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
 The salutary censure of a friend.
 Thou happy *wretch* ! by blindness art thou blest ;
 By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.
 Know, *smiler*, at thy peril art thou pleas'd ;
 Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.

Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
 But rises in demand for her delay ;
 She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
 To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

LORENZO, Fortune makes her court to thee,
 Thy fond heart dances, while the *syren* sings.
 Dear is thy welfare ; think me not unkind ;
 I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.
 Think not that *fear* is sacred to the storm.
 Stand on thy guard against the *smiles* of fate.
 Is Heav'n tremendous in its frowns ? Most sure ;
 And in its favours formidable too :

Its favours here are trials, not rewards ;
 A call to duty, not discharge from care ;
 And should alarm us, full as much as woes ;
 Awake us to their *cause*, and *consequence* ;
 And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert ;
 Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
 Lest while we clasp, we kill them ; nay, invert
 To worse than *simple* misery, their charms.

Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
 Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
 With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
 Beware what earth calls happiness ; beware
 All joys, but joys that never can expire.
 Who builds on less than an *immortal* base,
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine dy'd with thee, PHILANDER, thy last sigh
 Dissolv'd the charm ; the disinchant'd earth
 Lost all her lustre. Where, her glitt'ring towers?
 Her golden mountains, where ? all darken'd down
 To naked waste ; a dreary vale of tears ;
 The great magician's dead ! Thou poor, pale piece
 Of out-cast earth, in darkness ! what a change
 From yesterday ! thy darling hope so near,
 (Long-labour'd prize !) O how ambition flush'd
 Thy glowing cheek ! ambition truly great,
 Of virtuous praise. *Death's* subtle seed within,
 (Sly, treach'rous miner !) working in the dark,
 Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd
 The worm to riot on that rose so red,
 Unfaded ere it fell ; one moment's prey !

Man's foresight is *conditionally* wise ;
 LORENZO ! wisdom into folly turns
 Oft, the first instant, its idea fair
 To lab'ring thought is born. How dim our eye !
 The *present* moment terminates our sight ;
 Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the
next ;

We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles ; and each,
 Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 177

By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."

By nature's law, what may be, may be *now*;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.

For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none: and yet on this *Perhaps*,
This *Peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant we build.

Our mountain hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Nor ev'n PHILANDER had bespoke his shroud.

Nor had he cause; a warning was deny'd;
How many fall as sudden, not as safe!

As sudden, tho' for years admonish'd home.

Of human ills the last extreme beware,

Beware, LORENZO! a *slow-sudden* death.

How dreadful that deliberate surprize!

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;

Next day the fatal precedent will plead;

Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.

Procrastination is the thief of time;

Year after year it steals, till all are fled,

And to the mercies of a moment leaves

The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

If not so frequent, would not This be strange?

That 'tis so frequent, *This* is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears

The palm, "That all men are about to live,"

178 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

For ever on the brink of being born.

All pay themselves the compliment to think

They one day shall not drivel ; and their pride

On this reversion takes up ready praise ;

At least, their own ; their future selves applauds ;

How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead !

Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *folly's* vails ;

That lodg'd in *fate's*, to *wisdom* they consign ;

The thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone* :

'Tis not in *folly*, not to scorn a fool ;

And scarce in human *wisdom* to do more.

All *promise* is poor dilatory man,

And that thro' ev'ry stage : when young, indeed,

In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,

Un-anxious for *ourselves* ; and only wish,

As *duteous* sons, our *fathers* were more wise.

At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool ;

Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan ;

At *fifty* chides his infamous delay ;

Pushes his prudent purpose to *Resolve* ;

In all the magnanimity of thought

Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal.

All men think all men mortal, but themselves ;

Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate

Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden

dread ;

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,

Soon close ; where past the shaft no trace is found.

As from the *wing* no scar the sky retains ;

The parted wave no furrow from the *keel* ;

So dies in human hearts the thought of death.

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 179

Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget PHILANDER ? that were strange !
O my full heart !—But should I give it vent,
The longest night, tho' longer far, would fail,
And the lark listen to my *midnight* song.

The sprightly lark's shrill matin wakes the morn;
Grief's sharpest thorn hard-pressing on my breast,
I strive, with wakeful melody to cheer
The sullen gloom, sweet *Philomel* ! like thee,
And call the stars to listen : ev'ry star
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet be not vain ; there are, who thine excell,
And charm thro' distant ages : wrapt in shade,
Pris'ner of darkness ! to the silent hours,
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe !
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, tho' not blind, like thee, *Mæonides* !
Or, *Milton* ! thee ; ah could I reach your strain !
Or *His*, who made *Mæonides* our own.
Man too He sung : immortal man I sing ;
Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life ;
What, now, but immortality can please ?
O had He press'd his theme, pursu'd the track,
Which opens out of darkness into day !
O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd, where I sink, and sung immortal man !
How had it blest mankind, and rescu'd me !

Reflections on Time, Eternity, the last Day, &c.

YOUNG.

WHERE, the prime actors of the *last year's*
scene ;

Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume ?
How many *sleep*, who kept the world *awake*
With lustre, and with noise ! has *death* proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high ?
'Tis brandish'd still ; nor shall the *present year*
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless *monuments* to wake the thought ;
Life's *gayest* scenes speak man's mortality ;
Tho' in a stile more florid, full as plain,
As *Mausoleums*, *pyramids*, and *tombs*.
What are our noblest ornaments, but *deaths*
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone ?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

“ *Protest diversions ! cannot these escape ?* ”—
Far from it : these present us with a shroud ;
And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
We ransack tombs for *pastime* ; from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero ; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement : How like gods
We sit ; and, wrapt in immortality,

Shed

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 181

Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget *our own*!

What, all the pomps, and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in blossom? Our lean soil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present frailties, or approaching fate?

LORENZO! such the glories of the world!
What is the world itself? *thy* world?—A grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plow, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whose bury'd towns support the dancer's heel.
The *moist* of human frame the sun exhales;
Winds scatter, thro' the mighty void, the *dry*;
Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire:
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
As nature, wide, our ruins spread; man's *death*
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

Nor man alone; his breathing bust expires,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: where, now,
The *Roman*? *Greek*? They stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Tho' half our learning is *their* epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,

That

That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
 O *Death*, I stretch my view ; what visions rise !
 What triumphs ! toils imperial ! arts divine !
 In wither'd laurels glide before my sight !
 What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd-high
 With human agitation, roll along
 In unsubstantial images of air !
 The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
 Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause,
 With penitential aspect, as they pass,
 All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
 The wisdom of the *wise*, and prancings of the *great*.

But, O LORENZO ! far the rest above,
 Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
 One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
 And shakes my frame. Of *one* departed world
 I see the mighty shadow ; oozy wreath
 And dismal sea-weed crown her ; o'er her urn
 Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,
 And bloated sons ; and, weeping, prophesies
Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.
 But, like CASSANDRA, prophesies in vain ;
 In vain, to many ; not, I trust, to thee.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou *loth* to know,
 The great decree, the council of the skies ?
Deluge and *conflagration*, dreadful powers ?
 Prime ministers of vengeance ! Chain'd in caves
 Distinct, apart the giant furies roar ;
 Apart ; or, such their horrid rage for ruin,
 In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
 Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
 But not for *this*, ordain'd their boundless rage ;

When

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 183

When Heav'n's inferior instruments of wrath,
War, Famine, Pestilence, are found too weak
 To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,
These are let loose, alternate: down they rush,
 Swift and tempestuous, 'from th' eternal throne,
 With irresistible commission arm'd,

The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
 And ease creation of the shocking scene.

See'st thou, *LORENZO* ! what depends on man ?
 The *fate* of nature ; as *for* man, her *birth*.
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
 And make creation groan with human guilt.

How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
 But not of waters ! At the destin'd hour,
 By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
 See, all the formidable sons of fire,
 Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
 Their various engines ; all at once disgorge
 Their blazing magazines ; and take, by storm,
 This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period ! when each mountain-height
 Out-burns *Vesuvius* ; rocks eternal pour
 Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd ;
 Stars rush ; and final *ruin* fiercely drives
 Her ploughshare o'er creation !—While aloft,
 More than astonishment ! if more *can* be !
 Far other *firmament* than e'er was seen,
 Than e'er was thought by man ! far other *stars* !
 Stars animate, that govern these of fire ;
 Far other *Sun* !—A Sun, O how unlike
 The babe at *Bablon* ! how unlike the Man

That

184 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

That groan'd on *Calvary*! — Yet *he* it is ;
That Man of sorrows! O how chang'd ! what
pomp !

In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends !
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
And now, all dross remov'd, Heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our æther, flames.
While (dreadful contrast !) far, how far beneath !
Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
And storms sulphureous ; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

LORENZO ! welcome to this scene ; the last
In nature's course ; the first in wisdom's thought.
This strikes, if aught can strike thee ; *this* awakes
The most supine ; *this* snatches man from death.
Rouse, rouse, LORENZO, then, and follow me,
Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,
Loud calls my soul, and ardor wings her flight.
I find my inspiration in my theme :
The grandeur of my subject is my muse.

At *midnight*, when mankind is wrapt in *peace*,
And worldly *fancy* feeds on golden dreams ;
To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,
At midnight, 'tis presum'd, this pomp will burst
From tenfold darkness ; sudden, as the spark
From smitten steel, from nitrous grain, the blaze.

Man,

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 185

Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more !
The day is broke, which never more shall close !
Above, around, beneath, amazement all !
Terror and glory join'd, in their extremes !
Our GOD in grandeur, and our *world* on fire !
All nature struggling in the pangs of death !
Dost thou not hear her ; dost thou not deplore
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan ?
Where are we *now* ? Ah me ! the ground is gone,
On which we stood, LORENZO ! While thou may'st,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever !
Where ? how ? from whence ? Vain hope ! it is
too late !

Where, where, for shelter shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the *good man* pale ?

Great day ! for which all other days were made ;
For which *earth* rose from *chaos* ; *man* from *earth* ;
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Descended on poor earth-created man !
Great day of dread, decision, and despair !
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world ;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.

At *thought* of thee !—And art thou *absent* then ?

LORENZO ! No ; 'tis here ;—it is begun ;—

Already is begun the grand assize,

In thee, in all : deputed Conscience scales

The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom ;

Forestalls ; and, by forestalling, proves it *sure*.

Why

186 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Why on himself should man *void* judgment pass?
Is idle *nature* laughing at her sons?
Who *conscience* sent, her sentence will support,
And GOD above assert that GOD in man.

Thrice happy they! that enter *now* the court
Heav'n opens in their bosoms: but, how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
What hero, like the man who stands himself;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward? No): The coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks slightly; asks, but fears to *know*;
Asks, "*What is truth?*" with PILATE; and retires;
Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng;
Asylum sad! from reason, hope, and heav'n!

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd *for* man?
O day of consummation! mark supreme
(If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,
Or in the sight of angels, or their KING!
Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order, rising, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, surround this scene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
Angels look out for thee, for thee, their LORD,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation universal calls aloud,

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 187

To dis-involve the *moral* world, and give
To *nature's* renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose *final* fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!
All *nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round!
All *deities*, like summer's swarms, on wing!
All basking in the full meridian blaze!
I see the JUDGE inthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd every heart!
A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!
No patron! intercessor none! now past
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! To pain, no pause! no bound!
Inexorable, all! and all, extreme!

Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd;
Receives his sentence, and *begins* his hell.
All vengeance *past*, now, seems abundant grace:
Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
His baleful eyes! he curses whom he dreads;
And deems it the first moment of his fall.

'Tis *present* to my thought!—And, yet, where
is it?

Angels can't tell me; angels cannot *guess*

The *period*; from *created* beings lock'd

In darkness. But the *process*, and the *place*,

Are less obscure; for these may *man* inquire.

Say, thou great Close of human hopes and fears!

Great

Great Key of hearts ! great Finisher of fates !
Great End, and great Beginning ! say, where art
thou ?

Art thou in *time*, or in *eternity* ?

Nor in *eternity*, nor *time*, I find thee.

These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd !)

As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd,
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of HIM, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) *now* bursting o'er his head ;
His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd ; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons
From their long slumber ; from earth's heaving
womb,

To second birth ; contemporary throng !

Rous'd at one call, upstarting from one bed,
Prest in one croud, appal'd with one amaze,
He turns them o'er, *Eternity* ! to thee.

Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)
He falls on his own scythe ; nor falls *alone* ;
His greatest foe falls with him ; *Time*, and he
Who murder'd all *time*'s offspring, *Death*, expire.

TIME was ! ETERNITY now reigns alone !
Awful eternity ! offended queen !

And her resentment to mankind, how just !

With kind intent, solliciting access,
How often has she knock'd at human hearts !
Rich to repay their hospitality,

How

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 189

How often call'd ! and with the voice of God !
Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat !
A dream ! while foulest foes found welcome *there* !
A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* smile.
For, lo ! her twice ten thousand gates thrown
wide,

As thrice from *Indus* to the frozen pole,
With banners, streaming as the *comet's* blaze,
And clarions, louder than the *deep* in storms,
Sonorous, as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
Of light, of darkness ; in a middle field,
Wide, as *creation* ! populous, as wide !
A neutral region ! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes
Detain'd them close spectators, thro' a length
Of ages, rip'ning to this grand result ;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God ;
Who now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

ETERNITY, the various sentence past,
Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambrosial : What ensues ?
The deed predominant ! the deed of deeds !
Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n.
The *goddess*, with determin'd aspect, turns
Her adamant key's enormous size
Thro' destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep-driving ev'ry bolt, on both their fates.
Then, from the crystal battlements of heav'n,

Down,

190 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Down, down, she hurls it thro' the dark profound,
Ten thousand thousand fathom ; there to rust,
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.

The deep resounds, and hell, thro' all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

O how unlike the chorus of the skies ;
O how unlike those shouts of joy that shake
The whole *ethereal* ! How the concave rings !
Nor strange ! when deities their voice exalt ;
And louder far, than when *creation* rose,
To see *creation's* godlike aim, and end,
So well accomplish'd ! so divinely clos'd !
To see the mighty *dramatist's* last act
(As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest.
No fancy'd God, a GOD, *indeed*, descends,
To solve all *knots* ; to strike the *moral* home ;
To throw full day on darkest scenes of *time* ;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown, the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
The charm'd spectators thunder their applause ;
And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.

A moral Survey of the nocturnal Heavens.

YOUNG

THIS prospect vast, what is it ? weigh'd
aright,
'Tis nature's system of divinity,

And

And every student of the *Night* inspires.
 'Tis *elder* scripture, writ by GOD's own hand ;
 Scripture authentic ! uncorrupt by man.
 LORENZO ! with my *radius* (the rich gift
 Of thought nocturnal !) I'll point out to thee
 Its various lessons ; some that may surprise
 An un-adept in mysteries of NIGHT ;
 Little, perhaps, expected in *her* school,
 Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.
 Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters here we feign ;
 Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here
 Exists *indeed* ;—a lecture to mankind.

What read we *here* ?—Th' existence of a GOD ?--
 Yes ; and of other beings, man above ;
 Natives of *æther* ! sons of higher climes !
 And, what may move LORENZO's wonder more,
 ETERNITY is written in the skies.
 And whose eternity ?—LORENZO ! *thine* ;
 Mankind's eternity. Nor FAITH alone,
 VIRTUE grows here ; *here* springs the sov'reign cure
 Of almost ev'ry vice ; but chiefly *thine* ;
Wrath, pride, ambition, and impure desire.

LORENZO ! thou canst wake at midnight too,
 Tho' not on *morals* bent : *Ambition, Pleasure* !
 Those tyrants I for thee so lately fought,
 Afford their harrafs'd slaves but slender rest.
Thou, to whom midnight is *immoral* noon,
 And the sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day ;
 Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,

Com-

Commencing one of our *antipodes*?

In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,
'Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal;
And lift thine eye (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injur'd Heaven)
To yonder stars: for other ends they shine,
Than to light revellers from shame to shame.
And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.

Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which set the living firmament on fire,
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,
Rushes OMNIPOTENCE?—To curb our *pride*;
Our *reason* rouse, and lead it to that Power,
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light;
To draw up man's *ambition* to *himself*,
And bind our *chaste affections* to his throne.
Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
And welcom'd on Heav'n's coast with most applause,
An *humble*, *pure*, and *heavenly-minded* heart,
Are *here* inspir'd:—And canst thou gaze too long?

Nor stands thy *wrath* depriv'd of its reproof,
Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each system represent
Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;
Enlight'ning, and enlighten'd! All, at once,
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,
None sins against the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,

Afford

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 193

Affords an emblem of *millennial* love.

Nothing in nature, much less *conscious* being,
Was e'er created solely for itself :

Thus man his *sov'reign* duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.

And know, of all our supercilious race,
Thou most inflammable ! thou wasp of men !
Man's angry heart, *inspected*, would be found
As rightly set, as are the starry spheres ;
'Tis *nature's* structure, broke by stubborn *will*,
Breeds all that un-celestial discord *there*.

Wilt thou not feel the bias *nature* gave ?

Canst thou descend from converse with the skies,
And seize thy brother's throat ?—For what ?—a
clod,

An inch of *earth* ? The *planets* cry, " Forbear."
They chase our double-darkness ; *nature's* gloom,
And (kinder still !) our *intellectual* night.

And see, *day's* amiable sister sends
Her invitation, in the softest rays
Of mitigated lustre ; courts thy sight,
Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye ;
With *gain*, and *joy*, she bribes thee to be wise.
Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,
Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart ;
While light peeps thro' the darkness, like a spy ;
And darkness shews its grandeur by the light.

194 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Nor is the *profit* greater than the *joy*,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inspire delight.

What speak I more, than I, this moment, feel?
With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck:
(Stupor ordain'd to make her truly wife!)
Then into transport starting from her trance,
With love, and admiration, how she glows!
This gorgeous apparatus! this display!
This ostentation of creative power!
This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the first magnitude to launch
In endless speculation, and adore?
One sun by day, by night *ten thousand* shine;
And light us deep into the DEITY;
How boundless in magnificence and might?
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns un-number'd, down the steep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!
Nor tarries there; I feel it at my heart.
My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
Who sees it, unexalted? or unaw'd?
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?
Material offspring of OMNIPOTENCE?
Inanimate, all-animating birth!
Work worthy *him* who made it! Worthy praise!
All praise! praise *more* than human! nor deny'd

Thy

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 195

Thy praise *divine* !——But tho' man, drown'd in
sleep,

With-holds his homage, not *alone* I wake ;
Bright legions swarm, unseen, and sing, unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In this his universal temple, hung
With lustres, with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul ; at once,
The *temple*, and the *preacher* ! O how loud
It calls devotion ! genuine growth of *Night* !

Devotion ! daughter of astronomy !

An *undevout* astronomer is *mad*.

True ; all things speak a GOD ; but in the small,
Men *trace out* Him ; in great, He *seizes* man ;
Seizes, and elevates, and raps, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid associates new.

Tell me, ye stars ! ye planets ! tell me, all
Ye starr'd, and planeted, inhabitants ! What is it ?
What are these sons of wonder ? Say, proud arch !
(Within whose azure palaces they dwell)

Built with divine ambition ! in disdain
Of limit built ! built in the taste of Heaven !
Vast concave ! ample dome ! wast thou design'd
A meet apartment for the DEITY ?—

Not so ; that thought alone thy state impairs,
Thy *lofty* sinks, and shallows thy *profound*,
And strengthens thy *diffusive* ; dwarfs the whole,
And makes an universe an *O. rery*.

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restor'd,
O nature ! wide flies off th' expanding round.

196 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
 The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow ;
 The vast dislosion dissipates the clouds ;
 Shock'd æther's billows dash the distant skies ;
 Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
 And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,
 Might teem with new creation ; re-inflam'd
 Thy luminaries triumph, and assume
 Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,
 Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp,
 Such godlike glory, stole the stile of gods,
 From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in *sense* ;
 For, sure, to *sense*, they truly are divine,
 And half-absolv'd idolatry from guilt ;
 Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it *was*
 In those, who put forth all they had of *man*
 Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher ;
 But, weak of wing, on planets perch'd ; and
 thought

What was their highest, must be their ador'd.

But they how *weak*, who could no higher mount ?
 And are there, then, LORENZO ! those to whom
 Unseen, and Unexistent, are the same ?
 And if incomprehensible is join'd,
 Who dare pronounce it madness, to *believe* ?
 Why has the mighty BUILDER thrown aside
 All measure in his work ; stretch'd out his line
 So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole ?
 Then (as he took delight in wide extremes),
 Deep in the bosom of his universe,
 Dropt down that *reasoning* mite, that insect, *man*,

To

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 197

To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene?—
That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement
For disbelief of wonders in *himself*.

Shall God be less miraculous, than what
His hand has form'd? Shall *mysteries* descend
From *unmysterious*? things more elevate,
Be more familiar! uncreated lie

More obvious than created, to the grasp
Of human thought? The *more* of wonderful
Is heard in *Him*, the *more* we should assent.
Could we conceive *Him*, GOD He could not be;
Or *He* not GOD, or *we* could not be *Men*.

A GOD alone can comprehend a GOD;
Man's distance how immense! on *such* a theme,
Know this, LORENZO! (seem it ne'er so strange)
Nothing can *satisfy*, but what *confounds*;
Nothing, but what *astonishes*, is *true*.

The scene thou seest attests the truth I sing,
And ev'ry star sheds light upon thy creed.
These stars, this furniture, this coast of Heaven,
If but *reported*, thou hadst ne'er believ'd;
But thine *eye* tells thee, the *romance* is true.
The grand of nature is th' Almighty's oath,
In *reason's* court, to silence *unbelief*.

How my mind, op'ning at this scene, imbibes
The moral emanations of the skies,
While nought, perhaps, LORENZO less admires!
Has the great Sov'reign sent ten thousand worlds
To tell us, *He* resides above them all,
In glory's unapproachable recess?
And dare *earth's* bold inhabitants deny
The sumptuous, the magnificent embassy

A moment's audience ? Turn we, nor will hear
 From whom they come, or what they would impart
 For man's emolument ; sole cause that stoops
 Their grandeur to man's eye ? LORENZO ! rouse ;
 Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
 And glance from east to west, from pole to pole.
 Who sees, but is confounded, or convinc'd ?
 Renounces *Reason*, or a GOD adores ?
 Mankind was sent into the world to *see* :
 Sight gives the science needful to their peace ;
 That obvious science asks *small* learning's aid.
 Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinions soar ?
 Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns ?
 Or travel history's enormous round ?
Nature no such hard task enjoins : she gave
 A make to man directive of his thought ;
 A make set upright, pointing to the stars,
 As who should say, " Read thy chief lesson there."
 Too late to read this manuscript of Heaven,
 When, like a parchment-scroll, shrunk up by flames,
 It folds LORENZO's lesson from his sight.

Lesson how various ? not the GOD alone,
 I see his *ministers* ; I see, diffus'd
 In radiant orders, essences sublime,
 Of various offices, of various plume,
 In heavenly liveries, distinctly, clad,
 Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
 Or all commix'd ; they stand, with wings out-
 spread,

Lift'ning to catch the Master's least command,
 And fly thro' *nature*, ere the moment ends ;
 Numbers innumerable !—Well conceiv'd

By *pagan*, and by *christian* ! O'er each sphere
 Presides an angel, to direct its course,
 And feed, or fan, its flames ; or to discharge
 Other high trusts unknown. For who can see
 Such pomp of matter, and imagine, *mind*,
 For which *alone* inanimate was made,
 More sparingly dispens'd ? That nobler son,
 Far liker the great SIRE !—'Tis thus the skies
 Inform us of superiors numberless,
 As much, in *excellence*, above mankind,
 As above *earth*, in *magnitude*, the *spheres*.
These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us ;
 In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds ;
 Perhaps, a thousand demigods descend
 On every beam we see, to walk with men.
 Awful reflection ! strong restraint from ill !

Yet, *here*, our virtue finds still stronger aid
 From these ethereal glories *sense* surveys.
 Something, like magic, strikes from this blue vault ;
 With just attention is it view'd ? We feel
 A sudden succour, un-implor'd, un-thought ;
Nature herself does half the work of *man*.
 Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,
 The promontory's height, the depth profound
 Of subterranean, excavated grots,
 Black-brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
 From *nature's* structure, or the scoop of *time* ;
 If ample of dimension, vast of size,
 Ev'n *these* an aggrandizing impulse give ;
 Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights
 Ev'n *these* infuse.—But what of vast in *these* ?
 Nothing ;—or we must own the skies forgot.

200 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Much less in *art*.—Vain *art*? thou pygmy-power!
 How dost thou swell, and strut, with human pride,
 To shew thy littleness! What childish toys,
 Thy watry columns squirted to the clouds!
 Thy bason'd rivers, and imprison'd seas;
 Thy mountains molded into forms of men!
 Thy hundred-gated *capitals*! or those
 Where three days travel left us much to ride;
 Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
 Arches triumphal, theatres immense,
 Or nodding *gardens* pendent in mid-air!
 Or *temples* proud to meet their GODS half-way!
 Yet *these* affect us in no common kind.
 What then the force of such superior scenes?
 Enter a temple, it will strike an awe:
 What awe from this the DEITY has built?
 A *good man* seen, tho' silent, counsel gives:
 The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise:
 In a bright mirror his own hands have made,
 Here we see something like the face of GOD.
 Seems it not then enough, to say, LORENZO!
 To man abandon'd, "*Hast thou seen the skies?*"

And yet, so thwarted nature's kind design
 By daring man, he makes her sacred awe
 (That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation
 To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
 Celestial art's intent. The trembling stars
 See crimes gigantic, stalking thro' the gloom
 With front erect, that hide their head by day,
 And making night still *darker* by their deeds.
 Slumb'ring in covert, till the shades descend,

Rapin,

Rapine, and *murder*, link'd, now prowl for prey.
 The miser earths his treasure ; and the thief,
 Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.
 Now *plots*, and foul *conspiracies*, awake ;
 And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
 Havock and devastation they prepare,
 And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood.
 Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.
 What shall I do ? — suppress it ? or proclaim ? —
 Why *sleeps* the thunder ? Now, LORENZO ! now,
 His best friend's couch the rank adulterer
 Ascends secure, and laughs at gods and men.
 Prepost'rous madmen, void of fear or shame,
 Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of hea-
 ven ;

Yet shrink, and shudder, at a mortal's sight.
 Were moon, and stars, for villains *only* made ?
 To *guide*, yet *screen* them, with tenebrious light ?
 No ; they were made to fashion the sublime
 Of human hearts, and *wiser* make the *wise*.

Those ends were answer'd once, when mortals
 liv'd

Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent
 In theory sublime. O how unlike
 Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,
 Who crawl on *earth*, and on her venom feed !
 Those antient sages, *human* stars ! They met
 Their brothers of the *skies*, at midnight hour ;
 Their counsel ask'd ; and, what they ask'd, *obey'd*.
 The *Stagirite*, and PLATO, he who drank
 The poison'd bowl, and he of *Tusculum*,

With him of *Corduba*, (immortal names !)
 In these unbounded and *Elysian* walks,
 An area fit for GODS, and godlike men,
 They took their nightly round, thro' radiant paths.
 By *seraphs* trod ; instructed, chiefly, thus,
 To tread in their bright footsteps here below ;
 To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.
 There, they contracted their contempt of *earth* ;
 Of hopes eternal kindled, there, the fire ;
 There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
 (Great visitants !) more intimate with GOD,
 More worth to *men*, more joyous to *themselves*.
 Thro' various *virtues*, they, with ardor, ran
 The *zodiac* of their learn'd, illustrious lives.

In *christian* hearts, O for a *pagan* zeal !
 A *needful*, but *opprobrious* pray'r ! As much
 Our *ardor* less, as greater is our *light*.
 How monstrous this in *morals* ! Scarce more strange
 Would this *phænomenon* in nature strike,
 A *sun*, that froze her, or a star, that warm'd.

What taught these heroes of the moral world ?
 To these thou giv'st thy *praise*, give *credit* too.
 These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee ;
 And *pagan* tutors are thy taste.—They taught,
That, Narrow views betray to misery :
That, Wise it is to comprehend the whole ;
That, *Virtue* rose from *nature*, ponder'd well,
 The single base of virtue built to heaven :
That, GOD, and *nature*, our attention claim :
That, *Nature* is the glass reflecting GOD,

As, by the *sea*, reflected is the *sun*,
 Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere ;
That, Mind immortal loves immortal aims :
That, Boundless mind affects a boundless space :
That, Vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
 The soul assimilate, and make her great :
That, therefore, heav'n her glories, as a fund
 Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.
Such are their doctrines ; *such* the *Night* inspir'd.

And what more true ? What truth of greater
 weight !

The soul of man was made to walk the skies ;
 Delightful outlet of her prison *here* !
There, disincumber'd from her chains, the ties
 Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large ;
There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
 In full proportion let loose all her powers ;
 And, *undeluded*, grasp at something great.
 Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there ;
 But, wonderful herself, thro' wonder strays ;
 Contemplating *their* grandeur, finds her *own* ;
 Dives deep in their oeconomy divine,
 Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
 And, like a master, judges not amiss.
 Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul
 Grows conscious of her birth celestial ; breathes
 More life, more vigour, in her native air ;
 And feels herself *at home* among the stars ;
 And, feeling, emulates her country's praise.

What call we, then, the firmament, LORENZO?—

As *earth* the body, since, the *skies* sustain
 The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
Call it, The noble pasture of the *mind*;
 Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults
 And riots through the luxuries of thought.

Call it, The garden of the DEITY,
 Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
 Of fruit ambrosial; *moral* fruit to man.

Call it, The breast-plate of the true High-priest,
 Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
 In points of highest moment, right response;
 And ill-neglected, if we prize our peace.

Thus, have we found a *true* astrology;
 Thus, have we found a new, and noble sense,
 In which *alone* stars govern human fates.

O that the *stars* (as some have feign'd) let fall
 Bloodshed, and havock, on embattled realms,
 And rescu'd *monarchs* from so black a guilt!

BOURBON! this wish how gen'rous in a foe!
 Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a god,
 And stick thy deathless name among the stars,
 For mighty conquests on a needle's point?

Instead of forging chains for *foreigners*,
Bastile thy tutor. Grandeur all thy aim?

As yet thou know'st not what it is. How great,
 How glorious, *then*, appears the *mind* of man,
 When in it all the stars, and planets, roll!

And what it *seems*, it *is*: great objects make
 Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
Those still more godlike, as *these* more divine.

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 205

And *more* divine than *these*, thou canst not see.
Dazled, o'erpower'd, with the delicious draught
Of miscellaneous splendors, how I reel
From thought to thotight, inebriate, without end !
An *Eden*, this ! a PARADISE *unlost* !
I meet the DEITY in ev'ry view,
And tremble at my nakedness before him !
O that I could but reach the *tree of life* !
For *here* it grows, unguarded from our taste ;
No *flaming-sword* denies our entrance *here* ;
Would man but gather, he might *live for ever*.

LORENZO ! much of *moral* hast thou seen :
Of curious arts art thou more fond ? Then mark
The *mathematic* glories of the skies,
In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.
LORENZO'S boasted builders, *chance*, and *fate*,
Are left to finish his aerial towers ;
Wisdom, and *choice*, their well-known characters
Here deep impress ; and claim it for their own.
Tho' splendid all, no splendor void of use ;
Use rivals *beauty* ; *art* contends with *power* ;
No wanton waste, amid effuse expence ;
The great OECONOMIST adjusting all
To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.
How rich the prospect ! and for ever new !
And *newest* to the man that views it *most* ;
For newer still in infinite succeeds.
Then, these aerial racers, O how swift !
How the shaft *loiters* from the strongest string !
Spirit alone can distance the career.



206 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Orb above orb ascending without end !
 Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd !
 Wheel within wheel ; EZEKIEL ! like to thine !
 Like thine, it seems a vision, or a dream ;
 Tho' *seen*, we labour to believe it *true* !
 What involution ! what extent ! what swarms
 Of worlds, that laugh at *earth* ! immensely great !
 Immensely distant from each other's spheres !
 What, then, the wond'rous *space* thro' which they
 roll ?

At once it quite ingulphs all human thought ;
 'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.

Nor think thou see'st a wild disorder here ;
 Thro' this illustrious chaos to the sight,
 Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.
 The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,
 Upbraids the lawless fallies of mankind.
 Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere ;
 What knots are ty'd ! How soon are they dissolv'd,
 And set the seeming marry'd planets free !
 They rove for ever, without error rove ;
 Confusion unconfus'd ! Nor less admire
 This tumult untumultuous ; all on wing !
 In motion, all ! yet what profound repose !
 What fervid action, yet no noise ! as aw'd
 To silence, by the presence of their LORD ;
 Or hush'd, by *his* command, in love to man,
 And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,
 Restless themselves. On yon cœrulean plain,
 In exultation to *their* GOD, and *thine*,

They

They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,
Eternal celebration of *his* praise.

But, since their *song* arrives not at our ear,
Their *dance* perplex'd exhibits to the sight
Fair *hieroglyphic* of *his* peerless power.

Mark, how the *labyrinthian* turns they take,
The circles intricate, and mystic maze,
Weave the grand cypher of *Omnipotence* ;
To *gods*, how great ! how legible to *man* !

Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still ?
Where are the pillars that support the skies ?
What more than *Atlantian* shoulder props
Th' incumbent load ? What magic, what strange
art,

In fluid air these pond'rous orbs sustains ?
Who would not think them hung in golden chains ?—
And so they are ; in the high will of Heaven,
Which fixes all ; makes adamant of air,
Or air of adamant ; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all ; if *such* the dread decree.

Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad
And tow'ring *Alps*, all tost into the sea ;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,
Their bulks enormous dancing on the waves,
In time, and measure, exquisite ; while all
The winds, in emulation of the spheres,
Tune their sonorous instruments aloft ;
The concert swell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing ? What, then, worlds,
In a far thinner element sustain'd,
And acting the same part with greater skill,

More

More rapid movement, and for noblest *ends*?

More *obvious* ends to pass, are not these stars
The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelic delegates of Heaven,
At certain periods, as the SOV'REIGN nods,
Discharge high trusts of *vengeance*, or of *love*;
To cloathe, in outward grandeur, grand design,
And acts most solemn still more solemnize?

Ye citizens of air! what ardent thanks,
What full effusion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man indulg'd in such a sight!
A sight so noble, and a sight so kind!
It drops *new* truths at every *new* survey!
Feels not LORENZO something stir within,
That sweeps away all period? As these spheres
Measure duration, they no less inspire
The godlike hope of ages without end.
The boundless *space*, thro' which these rovers take
Their restless roam, suggests the sister-thought
Of boundless *time*. Thus, by kind *nature's* skill,
To man un-labour'd, that important guest,
ETERNITY, finds entrance at the *sight*:
And an *eternity*, for man ordain'd,
Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors,
The *stars*, had never whisper'd it to man.
NATURE *informs*, but ne'er *insults*, her sons.
Could she then kindle the most ardent wish
To *disappoint* it?—That is blasphemy.
Thus, of thy creed a second article,
Momentous, as th' existence of a GOD,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought;
And thou mayst read thy *soul immortal*, here.

Here,

Here, then, LORENZO! on these glories dwell;
 Nor want the guilt, illuminated, roof,
 That calls the wretched *gay* to dark delights.
Assemblies?—This is one divinely bright;
 Here, un-endanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
 Range thro' the fairest, and the SULTAN scorn.
 He, wise as *thou*, no *crescent* holds so fair,
 As that, which on his turbant awes a world;
 And thinks the *moon* is proud to copy him.
 Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
 A mind superior to the charms of *power*.
 Thou muffled in delusions of this life!
 Can yonder *mosn* turn ocean in his bed,
 From side to side, in constant ebb and flow,
 And purify from stench his watry realms?
 And fails her *moral* influence? Wants she power
 To turn LORENZO's stubborn tide of thought
 From stagnating on *earth's* infected shore,
 And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart?
 Fails her attraction when it draws to heaven?
 Nay, and to what thou valuest more, *earth's* joy?
 Minds elevate, and panting for *unseen*,
 And defecate from *sense*, alone obtain
 Full relish of existence un-deflower'd,
 The *life* of life, the *zest* of worldly bliss.
 All else on earth amounts—to what? To *this*:
 “BAD to be *suffer'd*; BLESSINGS to be *left*:”
 Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.
 Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd.
 O let me gaze!—Of gazing there's no end.

O let

O let me think !—Thought too is wilder'd *here* ;
 In mid-way flight imagination tires ;
 Yet soon re-prunes her wing to soar anew,
 Her point unable to forbear or gain ;
 So *great* the pleasure, so *profound* the plan !
 A banquet, this, where men, and angels, meet,
 Eat the same *manna*, mingle earth, and heaven.
 How distant some of these nocturnal suns !
 So distant (says the sage), 'twere not absurd
 To doubt, if beams, set out at *nature's* birth,
 Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world ;
 Tho' nothing half so rapid as their flight.
 An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
 And roll *for ever* : who can satiate sight
 In *such* a scene ? in such an ocean wide
 Of deep astonishment ? Where depth, height,
 breadth,

Are lost in their extremes ; and where to count
 The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
 Perhaps a *seraph's* computation fails.
 Now, go, *ambition* ! boast thy boundless might
 In conquest, o'er the tenth part of a grain.

And yet LORENZO calls for miracles,
 To give his tott'ring faith a solid base.
 Why call for less than is *already* thine ?
 Thou art no novice in theology ;
 What is a *miracle* ?—'Tis a reproach,
 'Tis an implicit satire, on mankind ;
 And while it *satisfies*, it *censures* too.

To common-sense, great *nature's* course proclaims

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 211

A DEITY: when mankind falls asleep,
A *miracle* is sent, as an alarm,
To wake the world, and prove *him* o'er again,
By *recent* argument, but not more *strong*.
Say, Which imports more plenitude of power,
Or nature's laws to *fix*, or to *repeal*?
To *make* a sun, or *stop* his mid-career?
To countermand his orders, and send back
The flaming courier to the frightened *east*,
Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his evening ray?
Or bid the *moon*, as with her journey tir'd,
In *Ajalon's* soft, flow'ry vale repose?
Great things are these; still greater, to *create*.
From ADAM's bow'r look down thro' the whole
train

Of miracles:—Resistless is their power?
They do not, *can* not, more amaze the mind,
Than this, *call'd* un-miraculous survey,
If *duly* weigh'd, if *rationally* seen,
If seen with *human* eyes. The *brute*, indeed,
Sees nought but *spangles* here; the *fool*, no more.
Say'st thou, "The course of *nature* governs all?"
The *course* of *nature* is the *art* of GOD.
The miracles thou call'st for, *this* attest;
For say, could *nature* *nature's* course controul?

But, miracles apart, who sees HIM not,
Nature's CONTROULER, AUTHOR, GUIDE, and
END?

Who turns his eye on *nature's* midnight-face,
But must inquire—"What hand behind the scene,

"What

212 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

" What arm Almighty, put these wheeling globes

" In motion, and wound up the vast machine ?

" Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs ?

" Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark profound,

" Num'rous as glitt'ring gems on morning dew,

" Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,

" And set the bosom of *old night* on fire ?

" Peopled her desert, and made horrors *smile* ?

Or, if the military stile delights thee,

(For stars have fought their battles, leagu'd with
man)

" Who marshals this bright host ? Enrolls their
names ?

" Appoints their posts, their marches, and returns,

" Punctual, at stated periods ? Who disbands

" These vet'ran troops, their final duty done,

" If e'er disbanded ?"—HE, whose potent word,

Like the loud trumpet, levy'd first their powers

In *Night's* inglorious empire, where they slept

In beds of darkness ; arm'd them with fierce flames,

Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloath'd in gold ;

And call'd them out of *chaos* to the field,

Where now they war with *vice* and *unbelief*.

O let us join this army ! Joining these,

Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,

When *brighter* flames shall cut a *darker* night ;

When these strong demonstrations of a GOD

Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,

And one *eternal* curtain cover all !

Struck

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 213

Struck at *that* thought, as new-awak'd, I lift

A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
To man still more propitious; and their aid
(Tho' guiltless of idolatry) implore;
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
O ye *dividers of my time*! ye bright
Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
In your fair kalendar distinctly mark'd!
Since that authentic, radiant register,
Tho' man inspects it not, stands good against him;
Since *you*, and years, roll on, tho' man stands still;
Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to *wisdom*; now beyond
All shadows of excuse for fooling on.

Age smoothes our path to prudence; sweeps aside
The snares, keen *appetite*, and *passion*, spread
To catch stray souls; and, woe to that grey head,
Whose *folly* would undo, what *age* has done!
Aid, then, aid, all ye stars!—Much rather, THOU,
Great ARTIST! THOU, whose finger set aright
This exquisite *machine*, with all its *wheels*,
Tho' intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
Life's rapid, and irrevocable flight,
With such an *index* fair, as none can miss,
Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd.
Open *mine* eye, dread DEITY! to read
The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see
Things as they *are*, un-alter'd thro' the glass
Of worldly wishes. *Time*, *Eternity*!
(Tis these, mis-measur'd, ruin all mankind)
Set them before me; let me lay them both

In equal scale, and learn their various weight,
 Let *Time* appear a *moment*, as it is;
 And let *Eternity's* full orb, at once,
 Turn on my soul, and strike it into heaven.
 When shall I see far more than charms me now?
 Gaze on creation's model in thy breast
 Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more?
 When, this vile, foreign, dust, which smothers all
 That travel *earth's* deep vale, shall I shake off?
 When shall my soul her incarnation quit,
 And, re-adopted to thy blest embrace,
 Obtain her *apotheosis* in THEE?

Thoughts on Immortality. YOUNG.

THY *nature*, immortality! who knows?
 And yet who knows it not? It is but life
 In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
 And spun for ever; dipt by cruel fate
 In *Stygian* dye, how *black*, how *brittle here*!
 How short our correspondence with the sun!
 And, while it lasts, inglorious! Our best deeds
 How wanting in their weight! Our highest joys
 Small cordials to support us in our pain,
 And give us strength to suffer. But how *great*
 To mingle int'rests, converse, amities,
 With all the sons of *reason*, scatter'd wide
 Thro' habitable space, where-ever born,
 Howe'er endow'd! To live free citizens

Of universal nature ! To lay hold
 By more than feeble *faith* on the *Supreme* !
 To call heav'n's rich unfathomable mines
 (Mines which support archangels in their state)
 Our own ! To rise in science, as in bliss,
 Initiate in the secrets of the skies !
 To read creation ; read its mighty plan
 In the bare bosom of the Deity !
 The plan, and execution, to collate !
 To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
 All cloud, all shadow, blown remote ; and leave
 No mystery—but that of Love divine,
 Which lifts us on the seraphs flaming wing,
 From earth's *Aceldama*, this field of blood,
 Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
 From darkness, and from dust, to *such* a scene !
 Love's element ! true joy's illustrious home !
 From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair !
 What exquisite vicissitude of fate !
 Blest absolution of our blackest hour !

LORENZO, these are thoughts that make man
 man,

The wise illumine, aggrandize the great.
 How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
 And ev'ry moment fear to sink beneath
 The clod *we* tread ; soon trodden by our sons)
 How great in the wild whirl of *time's* pursuits
 To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage,
 Thro' the long vista of a thousand years,
 To stand contemplating our distant selves,
 As in a magnifying mirror seen,

Enlarg'd,

Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine!
 To prophecy our own futurities!
 To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends!
 To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
 As far beyond conception, as desert,
 Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers, and the tale!

LORENZO, swells thy bosom at the thought?
 The swell becomes thee: 'tis an honest pride.
 Revere thyself;—and yet thyself despise.
 His *nature* no man can o'er-rate; and none
 Can under-rate his *merit*. Take good heed;
 Nor there be modest, where thou shouldst be proud;
 That almost universal error shun.
 How *just* our pride, when we behold *those* heights?
 Not those *ambition* paints in air, but those
Reason points out, and ardent *virtue* gains;
 And angels emulate; our pride how just!
 When mount we? when these shackles cast? when
 quit

This cell of the creation? this small nest,
 Stuck in a corner of the universe,
 Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun air?
 Fine-spun to sense; but gross and feculent
 To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breathe
 Ambrosial gales, and drink a purer sky;
 Greatly triumphant on *time's* farther shore,
 Where virtue reigns, enrich'd with full arrears:
 While pomp imperial begs an alms of peace.

In empire high, or in proud science deep,
 Ye born of earth! on what can you confer,

With

With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The gust, the glow of rational delight,
As on *this* theme, which angels praise, and share?
Man's fates and favours are a theme in heaven.

What wretched repetition cloy's us *here* !
What periodic potions for the sick !
Distemper'd bodies ! and distemper'd minds !
In an *eternity*, what scenes shall strike !
Adventures thicken ! novelties surprise !
What webs of wonder shall unravel *there* !
What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep !
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind at once the labyrinths of fate,
And straiten its inextricable maze !

If inextinguishable thirst in man
To know ; how rich, how full, our banquet *there* !
There, not the *moral* world alone unfolds ;
The world *material*, lately seen in shades,
And, in those shades by fragments only seen,
And seen those fragments by the *lab'ring* eye,
Unbroken, now, illustrious, and intire,
Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
In full dimensions, swells to the survey ;
And enters, at one glance, the ravish'd sight.
From some superior point (where, who can tell !
Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reside)
How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vast ocean of unbounded space,

L

Behold

218 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Behold an infinite of floating worlds
 Divide the crystal waves of Ether pure,
 In endless voyage, without port ! The *least*
 Of these disseminated orbs, how great !
 Great as they are, what numbers these surpass,
 Huge, as *Leviathan*, to that small race,
 Those twinkling multitudes of little life,
 He swallows unperceiv'd ! *Stupendous* these !
 Yet what are these stupendous to the *Whole* ?
 As particles, as atoms, ill perceiv'd ;
 As circulating globules in our veins ;
 So vast the plan : Fecundity divine !
 Exub'rant source ! perhaps I wrong thee still.

 If admiration is a source of joy,
 What transport hence ! yet this the least in heaven.
 What *this* to that illustrious robe *He* wears,
 Who toss'd this mass of wonders from his hand,
 A specimen, an earnest, of his power ?
 'Tis, to that Glory, whence all glory flows,
 As the mead's meanest flow'ret to the sun,
 Which gave it birth. But what, this sun of heaven ?
 This bliss-supreme of the supremely blest ?
 Death, only death, the question can resolve.
 By death, cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy ;
 The *bare* ideas ! Solid happiness
 So distant from its shadow chas'd below.

 And chase we still the phantom thro' the fire,
 O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death ?
 And toil we still for sublunary pay ?

Defy the dangers of the field, and flood,
Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,
Our *more* than vitals spin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of subtle thought, and exquisite design;
(Fine network of the brain!) to catch a fly?
The momentary buz of vain renown!

A name, a mortal immortality!

Or (meaner still!) instead of grasping air,
For sordid *lucre* plunge we in the mire?
Drudge, sweat, thro' ev'ry shame, for ev'ry gain,
For vile contaminating trash; throw up
Our hope in heav'n, our dignity with man?
And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold?

Ambition, Au'rice; the two *demons* these,
Which goad thro' ev'ry slough our human herd,
Hard-travel'd from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches stoop! how steep they climb!
These *demons* burn mankind; but most possess
LORENZO'S bosom, and turn out the skies.

Is it in *time* to hide *eternity*?

And why not in an atom on the shore,
To cover ocean, or a mote, the sun?
Glory and wealth! have they this blinding power?
What if to *them* I prove LORENZO blind?
Would it surprise thee? Be thou then surpris'd;
Thou *neither* know'st: their nature learn from me.

Mark well, as foreign as *these subjects* seem,
What close connection ties them to my theme.

First, what is *true* ambition? The pursuit
 Of glory, nothing *less* than man can share.
 Were they as vain, as gaudy-minded man,
 As flatulent with fumes of self-applause,
 Their arts and conquests *animals* might boast,
 And claim their *laurel* crowns, as well as we;
 But not *celstial*. *Here* we stand *alone*;
 As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent;
 If prone in thought, our stature is our shame;
 And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies,
 The *visible* and *present* are for brutes,
 A slender portion! and a narrow bound!
 These *reason*, with an energy divine,
 O'er-leaps; and claims the *future* and *unseen*;
 The vast unseen! the future fathomless!
 When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
 Leaving gross *nature's* sediments below,
 Then, and then only, *Adam's* offspring quits
 The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
 Asserts his rank, and rises into man.
This is ambition: this is *human* fire.

Can *parts* or *place* (two bold pretenders!) make
 LORENZO great, and pluck him from the throng?

Genius and *art*, ambition's boasted wings,
 Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!
Dedalian engin'ry! If these alone
 Assist our flight, *fame's* flight is *gl'ry's* fall.
 Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
 Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
 A celebrated wretch when I behold,

When

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 221

When I behold a genius bright, and base,
Of tow'ring talents, and terrestrial aims ;
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragment of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mixt, and glitt'ring in the dust.
Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
At once *compassion* soft, and *envy*, rise——
But wherefore envy ? Talents angel bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Great *ill* is an atchievement of great *powers*.
Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the means, *affections* chuse our end ;
Means have no merit, if our end amiss.
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain ;
What is a PELHAM's head, to PELHAM's heart ?
Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
Right ends, *and* means, make wisdom : worldly-
wife

Is but half-witted, at its highest praise.

Let *genius* then despair to make thee great ;
Nor flatter *station* : what is station high ?
'Tis a proud mendicant ; it boasts, and begs ;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies it charity.
Monarchs, and ministers, are awful names !
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact

External homage, and a supple knee,
 To beings pompously set up, to serve
 The meanest slave; *all more* is merit's due,
 Her sacred and inviolable right;
 Nor ever paid the *monarch*, but the *man*.
 Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior *worth*;
 Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
 Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
 And vote the *mantle* into majesty.
 Let the *small savage* boast his silver fur;
 His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
 His *own*, descending fairly from his fires.
 Shall man be proud to wear *his* livery,
 And souls in *ermin* scorn a soul without?
 Can *place* or lessen us, or aggrandize?
 Pygmies are pygmies still, tho' perch'd on *Alps*;
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
 Each man makes his own stature, builds himself;
 Virtue alone out-builds the *pyramids*;
 Her monuments shall last, when *Egypt's* fall.

Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
 The cause is lodg'd in *immortality*.
 Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for power;
 What station charms thee? I'll install thee there;
 'Tis thine. And art thou greater than *before*?
 Then thou before wast something *less* than man.
 Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride?
 That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity;
 That pride defames humanity, and calls

The being mean, which *staffs* or *strings* can raise.
 That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,
 From blindness bold, and tow'ring to the skies.
 'Tis born of *ignorance*, which knows not man:
 An angel's second; nor his second, long.
 A NERO quitting his imperial throne,
 And courting glory from the tinkling string,
 But faintly shadows an immortal soul,
 With empire's self, to pride, or rapture, fir'd.
 If nobler motives minister no cure,
 Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.

High worth is elevated place: 'tis more;
 It makes the post stand candidate for thee;
 Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man;
 Tho' no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis wealth;
 And tho' it wears no *ribband*, 'tis renown;
 Renown, that would not quit thee, tho' disgrac'd,
 Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile.

Other ambition nature interdicts;
 Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
 By pointing at his origin, and end;
 Milk, and a swathe, *at first*, his whole demand;
 His whole domain, *at last*, a turf, or stone;
 To whom, *between*, a world may seem too small.

Souls *truly* great dart forward on the wing
 Of *just* ambition, to the grand result,
 The curtain's fall; *there*, see the buskin'd chief
 Unshod behind this momentary scene;
 Reduc'd to his own stature, low or high,

224 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

As vice, or virtue, sinks him, or sublimes ;
 And laugh at this fantastick mummery,
 This antic prelude of grotesque events,
 Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray
 A littleness of soul by worlds o'er-run,
 And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice
 To *christian* pride ! which had with horror shockt
 The darkest *pagans*, offer'd to their gods.

O Thou *most christian* enemy to peace !
 Again in arms ? again provoking fate ?
 That prince, and that alone. is truly great,
 Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheaths;
 On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
 And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.

Why *this* so rare ? because forgot of all
 The day of death ; that venerable day,
 Which sits as judge ; that day, which shall pro-
 nounce

On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.
 LORENZO, never shut thy thought against it ;
 Be *levees* ne'er so full, afford it room,
 And give it audience in the *cabinet*.

That friend consulted, flatteries apart,
 Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.

To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
 Is that *ambition* ? Then let flames *descend*,
 Point to the centre their inverted spires,
 And learn humiliation from a soul,
 Which boasts her lineage from celestial fire.
 Yet *these* are they the world pronounces wise ;

The

The world, which cancels nature's right and
wrong,

And casts *new* wisdom : Ev'n the grave man lends
His solemn face, to countenance the coin.

Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole.

This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave

To call the wisest weak, the richest poor,

The most ambitious, unambitious, mean ;

In triumph, mean ; and abject, on a throne.

Nothing can make it less than mad in man,

To put forth all his ardor, all his art,

And give his soul her full unbounded flight,

But reaching *him*, who gave her wings to fly.

When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,

And downward pores, for that which shines above,

Substantial happiness, and true renown ;

Then, like an idiot gazing on the brook,

We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud ;

At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

Ambition ! pow'rful source of good and ill ;

Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,

When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease,

And swifter flight, transports us to the skies :

By toys entangled, or in guilt bemi'd,

It turns a curse ; it is our chain, and scourge,

In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,

Close-grated by the sordid bars of *sense* ;

All prospect of eternity shut out ;

And, but for *execution*, ne'er set free.

With error in *ambition* justly charg'd,
 Find we LORENZO wiser in his *wealth*?
 What if thy rental I reform? and draw
 An inventory *new* to set thee right?
 Where, thy *true* treasure? Gold says, "Not in me,"
 And, "Not in me," the di'mond. Gold is poor;
India's insolvent: seek it in thyself,
 Seek in thy naked self, and find it there;
 In *being* so descended, form'd, endow'd;
 Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!
 Erect, immortal, rational, divine!
 In *senses*, which inherit earth, and heavens;
 Enjoy the various riches *nature* yields;
 Far nobler; *give* the riches they enjoy;
 Give taste to fruits; and harmony to groves;
 Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright
 Sire;

Take in, at once, the landscape of the world,
 At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
 And half create the wond'rous world they see.
 Our *senses*, as our *reason*, are divine.

But for the magic organ's pow'rful charm,
 Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos still.
Objects are but th' occasion; ours th' *exploit*;
 Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
 Which nature's admirable picture draws;
 And beautifies creation's ample dome.
 Like *Milton's Eve*, when gazing on the lake,
 Man makes the matchless image, man admires.

Say

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 227

Say then, shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,
Superior wonders in himself forgot,
His admiration waste on objects round,
When heav'n makes him the soul of all he sees?
Absurd! not rare! so great, so mean, is man.

What wealth in *senses* such as these! what wealth
In *fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer scene
Than *sense* surveys! in *mem'ry's* firm record,
Which, should it perish, could the world recall
From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years!
In colours fresh, originally bright,
Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!
What wealth in *intellect*, that sov'reign power!
Which *sense*, and *fancy*, summons to the bar;
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
And from the mass those *underlings* import,
From their materials sifted, and refin'd,
And in *truth's* balance accurately weigh'd,
Forms *art*, and *science*, *government*, and *law*;
The solid basis, and the beauteous frame,
The vitals, and the grace of *civil* life!
And *manners* (sad exception!) set aside,
Strikes out, with master-hand, a copy fair
Of *his* idea, whose indulgent thought
Long, long, e'er chaos teem'd, plann'd *human* bliss.

What *wealth* in souls that soar, dive, range a-
round,

Disdaining limit, or from place, or time;
And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
Th' almighty *fiat*, and the trumpet's sound!

Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
 What was, and is, and *more* than e'er shall be;
 Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
 Creations new in fancy's field to rise!
 Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made,
 And wander wild thro' things impossible!
 What *wealth*, in *faculties* of endless growth,
 In quenchless *passions* violent to crave,
 In *liberty* to chuse, in *pow'r* to reach,
 And in *duration* (how thy riches rise!)
 Duration to *perpetuate*—boundless bliss!

Ask you, what *pow'r* resides in feeble man
 That bliss to gain? Is *virtue's*, then, unknown?
 Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.
 Man's unprecious, natural estate,
 Improveable at will, in virtue lies;
 Its tenure sure; its income is divine.

High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?
 To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
 Then, make a richer scramble for the throng!
 Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long
 Almost by miracle, is tir'd with play,
 Like rubbish from dislodging engines thrown,
 Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
 Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes;
 New masters court, and call the former fool
 (How justly!) for dependence on their stay.
 Wide scatter, first, our play-things; then, our dust.

Dost court abundance for the sake of peace?
 Learn, and lament, thy self-defeated scheme:

Riches

Riches enable to be richer still ;
 And, *richer still*, what mortal can resist ?
 Thus wealth (a cruel task-master !) enjoins
 New toils, succeeding toils, an endless train !
 And murders peace, which taught it first to shine.
 The poor are *half* as wretched as the rich ;
 Whose proud and painful privilege it is,
 At once, to bear a double load of woe ;
 To feel the stings of *envy*, and of *want*,
 Outrageous want ! both *Indies* cannot cure.

A competence is vital to content.
 Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease ;
 Sick, or incumber'd, is our happiness.
 A *competence* is all we can *enjoy*.
 O be content, where heaven can give no more !
 More, like a flash of water from a lock,
 Quickens our spirit's movement for an hour ;
 But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
 Above our native temper's common stream.
 Hence disappointment lurks in ev'ry prize,
 As bees in flow'rs ; and stings us with success.

The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns ;
 Nor knows the wise are privy to the lye.
 Much learning shews how little mortals *know* ;
 Much wealth, how little worldlings can *enjoy* :
 At best, it babies us with endless toys,
 And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
 As monies at a mirror stand amaz'd,
 They fail to find, what they so plainly see ;
 Thus men, in shining riches, see the face

230 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Of happiness, nor know it is a shade ;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

How few can rescue opulence from want !
Who lives to *nature*, rarely can be poor ;
Who lives to *fancy*, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt ; the man of gold,
In debt to *fortune*, trembles at her power.
The man of *reason* smiles at her, and death.
O what a patrimony *this* ! A *being*
Of such inherent strength and majesty,
Not worlds possess can raise it ; worlds destroy'd
Can't injure ; which holds on its glorious course,
When thine, O *nature* ! ends ; too blest to mourn
Creation's obsequies. What treasure, *this* !
The *monarch* is a beggar to the man.

Immortal ! ages past, yet nothing gone !
Morn without eve ! a race without a goal !
Unshorten'd by progression infinite !
Futurity for ever future ! Life
Beginning still, where computation ends ! .
'Tis the description of a *Deity* !
'Tis the description of the *meanest slave* :
The meanest slave dares then LORENZO scorn ?
The meanest slaves thy *sov'reign* glory shares.
Proud youth ! fastidious of the *lower* world !
Man's *lawful* pride includes humility ;
Stoops to the lowest ; is too great to find
Inferiors ; all immortal ! brothers all !
Proprietors *eternal* of thy love,

Immortal !

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 231

Immortal! what can strike the *sense* so strong,
As this the *soul*? It thunders to the thought;
Reason amazes; *gratitude* o'erwhelms;
No more we slumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loit'ring thought beneath the stars.

Has not LORENZO's bosom caught the flame?

Immortal! was but *one* immortal, how
Would others envy! how would thrones adore!
Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost
How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of heaven!
O vain, vain, vain! all else: *eternity!*
A glorious, and a needful refuge that,
From vile imprisonment, in abject views,
'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
That only, and that amply, this performs;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;
Their terror *those*, and *those* their lustre lose;
Eternity depending covers all;
Eternity depending all achieves;
Sets earth at distance; casts her into shades;
Blends her distinctions, abrogates her powers;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,

Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,
 The man beneath; if I may call him man,
 Whom *Immortality's* full force inspires.
 Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;
 Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
 By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
 Their present province, and their future prize;
 Divinely darting upward ev'ry wish,
 Warm on the wing, in glorious *absence* lost.

Doubt you this truth? Why labours your belief?
 If earth's whole orb, by some due distanc'd eye
 Were seen at once, her tow'ring *Alps* would sink,
 And level'd *Atlas* leave an even sphere.
 Thus *earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
 Is swallow'd in *eternity's* vast round.
 To that stupendous view, when souls awake,
 So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside; and *equal* all below.

Enthusiastic, this? Then all are weak,
 But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height
 Some souls have soar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled.
 And all may do, what has by *man* been done.
 Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
 Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
 Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?
 What slave unblest, who from to-morrow's dawn
 Expects an empire? He forgets his chain,
 And, thron'd in thought, his *absent* sceptre waves.
 And what a sceptre waits us! what a throne!

Her own immense appointments to compute,
 Or comprehend her high prerogatives,
 In this her dark minority, how toils,
 How vainly pants, the human soul divine?
Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy;
 What heart but *trembles* at so strange a bliss?

In spite of all the truths the muse has sung,
 Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!
 Are there, who wrap the world so close about them,
 They see no farther than the clouds; and dance
 On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,
 Till, stumbling at a straw, in their career,
 Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and
 song?

Are there, LORENZO? Is it possible?
 Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
 Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts;
 Unconscious as the mountain of its ore;
 Or rock, of its inestimable gem?
 When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, *these*
 Shall know their treasure; treasure, *then*, no more.

Are there (still more amazing!) who resist
 The rising thought? who smother, in its birth,
 The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?
 Who thro' this bosom-barrier burst their way?
 And, with revert ambition, strive to sink?
 Who labour downwards thro' th' opposing pow'rs
 Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
 To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
 Of endless night? night darker than the grave's?

Who

Who fight the proofs of immortality?
 With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
 Work all their engines, level their black fires,
 To blot from man *this* attribute divine,
 (Than vital blood far dearer to the wise)
 Blasphemers, and rank atheists to *themselves*?

To contradict them see all nature rise!

What object, what event, the moon beneath,
 But argues, or endears, an after-scene?

To *reason* proves, or weds it to *desire*?

All things proclaim it *needful*; some advance

One precious step beyond, and prove it *sure*.

A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,
 From *heav'n*, and *earth*, and *man*. Indulge a few,

By nature, as her common habit, worn;

So pressing providence a truth to teach,

Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.

Proofs of the Immortality of the Soul. YOUNG.

SINCE *virtue's* recompence is doubtful, *here*,
 If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
 Why is man *suffer'd* to be good in vain?

Why to be good in vain, is man *injoin'd*?

Why to be good in vain, is man *betray'd*?

Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,

By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?

Why whispers *nature* lyes on virtue's part?

Or if blind *instinct* (which assumes the name
Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
Why *reason* made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the *wisest* loudest in her praise?
Can man by *reason*'s beam be led astray?
Or, at his peril, *imitate his God*?
Since virtue sometimes ruins us on earth,
Or *both* are true; or, man survives the grave.

Or man survives the grave, or own, LORENZO,
Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.
Dauntless thy spirit; cowards are thy scorn.
Grant man *immortal*, and thy scorn is just.
The man immortal, *rational* brave,
Dares rush on death—because he cannot die.
But if man loses all, when life is lost,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A *daring* infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure *heroical* defect of thought),
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

When to the grave we follow the renown'd
For valour, virtue, science, all we love,
And all we praise; for *worth*, whose noon-tide
beam,
Enabling us to think in higher stile,
Mend our ideas of ethereal powers;
Dream we, that lustre of the *moral* world
Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close?
Why was he wise to *know*, and warm to *praise*,

And

And strenuous to *transcribe*, in human life,
 The mind ALMIGHTY? Could it be, that fate,
 Just when the lineaments began to shine,
 And dawn the DEITY, should snatch the draught,
 With night eternal blot it out, and give
 The skies alarm, lest *angels* too might die?

If human souls, why not angelic too
 Extinguish'd? and a *solitary* God,
 O'er ghastly ruin, frowning from his throne?
 Shall we, this moment, gaze on God in man?
 The next, lose man for ever in the dust?
 From dust we disengage, or man *mistakes*;
 And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw.
Wisdom, and *worth*, how boldly he commends!
Wisdom, and *worth*, are sacred names; rever'd,
 Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!
 Why not *compassion'd* too? If spirits die,
 Both are calamities, *inflicted* both,
 To make us but more wretched: *wisdom's* eye
 Acute, for what? To spy more miseries;
 And *worth*, so recompens'd, new-points their stings.
 Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,
 And worth exalted *humbles* us the more,
 Thou wilt not patronize a scheme that makes
Weakness, and *vice*, the refuge of mankind.

“Has virtue, then, no joys?”—Yes, joys *dear-bought*.

Talk ne'er so long, in this imperfect state,
 Virtue, and vice, are at eternal war:

Virtue's

Virtue's a combat ; and who fights for nought ?
 Or for precarious, or for small reward ?
 Who *virtue's self-reward* so loud resound,
 Would take degrees *angelic* here below,
 And *virtue*, while they compliment, betray,
 By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards :
 The crown, th' *unsading* crown, her soul inspires :
 'Tis that, and that alone, can countervail
 The *body's* treach'ries, and the *world's* assaults :
 On earth's poor pay our famish'd *virtue* dies.
 Truth incontestible ! in spite of all
 A BAYLE has preach'd, or a V—E believ'd.

In man the more we dive, the more we see
 Heav'n's signet stamping an *immortal* make.
 Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base
 Sustaining all ; what find we ? *Knowledge, love.*
 As light, and heat, essential to the sun,
These to the soul. And *why*, if souls expire ?
 How little lovely *here* ? how little known ?
 Small *knowledge* we dig up with endless toil ;
 And *love* unfeign'd may purchase perfect hate.
 Why starv'd ; on earth, our *angel*-appetites ;
 While *brutal* are indulg'd their fulsome fill ?
 Were then capacities *divine* conferr'd,
 As a mock-diadem, in savage sport,
 Rank insult of our pompous *poverty*,
 Which reaps but pain from seeming claims so fair ?
 In future age lies no redress ? and shuts
Eternity the door on our complaint ?

238 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

If so, for what strange ends were mortals made!
The worst to *wallow*, and the best to *weep* :
The man who merits most, must most complain:
Can we conceive a disregard in Heaven,
What the worst perpetrate, or best endure ?

This cannot be. To *love*, and *know*, in man
Is boundless appetite, and boundless power ?
And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
Objects, pow'rs, appetites, Heav'n suits in all ;
Nor, *nature* thro', e'er violates this sweet,
Eternal concord, on her tuneful string.

Is *man* the sole exception from her laws ?
Eternity struck off from human hope,
(I speak with truth, but veneration too)
Man is a monster, the reproach of Heav'n,
A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On nature's beauteous aspect ; and deforms,
(Amazing blot !) deforms her with her *lord*.
If such is man's allotment, what is Heaven ?
Or, own the soul *immortal*, or blaspheme.

Or own the soul immortal, or invert
All *order*. Go, mock-majesty ! go, man !
And bow to thy superiors of the stall ;
Thro' ev'ry scene of *sense* superior far !
They graze the turf untill'd ; they drink the stream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, de-
spairs,

Mankind's peculiar ! *reason's* precious dower !
No foreign clime *they* ransack for their robes ;

Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar :

Their good is good intire, unmixt, unmarr'd ;

They find a paradise in ev'ry field,

On boughs *forbidden* where no curses hang :

Their *ill*, no more than strikes the sense ; unstretcht

By previous dread, or murmur in the rear :

When the *worst* comes, it comes unfear'd ; one stroke

Begins, and ends, their woe : they die but *once* ;

Blest, incommunicable privilege ! for which

Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the stars,

Philosopher, or *hero*, sighs in vain.

Account for this prerogative in brutes.

No day, no glimpse of day, to solve the knot,

But what beams on it from *eternity*.

O sole and sweet solution ! that unties

The difficult, and softens the severe ;

The cloud on *nature's* beauteous face dispels ;

Restores bright *order* ; casts the brute beneath ;

And re-inthrones us in supremacy

Of joy, ev'n *here* : admit immortal life,

And virtue is *knight-errantry* no more ;

Each *virtue* brings in hand a golden dower,

Far richer in reversion : *hope* exults ;

And tho' much bitter in our cup is thrown,

Predominates, and gives the taste of heaven.

O wherefore is the DEITY so kind ?

Astonishing beyond astonishment !

Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd *below*.

*The gross Absurdities and Horrors of
Annihilation.* YOUNG.

COULDST thou persuade me, the next life
could fail

Our ardent wishes ; how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish, *new*, as deep !
O with what thoughts, thy *hope*, and my *despair*,
Abhorr'd ANNIHILATION ! blasts the soul,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe !
Could I believe LORENZO's system true,
In *this* black channel would my ravings run.

“ Grief from the *future* borrow'd peace, ere-
while.

“ The future *vanisht* ! and the present *pain'd* !

“ Strange import of unprecedented ill !

“ Fall, how profound ! like LUCIFER's, the fall !

“ Unequal fate ! his fall, without his guilt !

“ From where fond *hope* built her pavilion high,

“ The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once

“ To night ! to *nothing* ! darker still than night.

“ If 'twas a *dream*, why wake me, my worst foe,

“ LORENZO ! boastful of the name of friend !

“ O for delusion ! O for error still !

“ Could vengeance strike much stronger than to
plant

“ A *thinking* being in a world like this,

“ Not over-rich before, *now* beggar'd quite ;

" More curst than at the *fall*?—The sun goes out !

" The thorns shoot up ! what thorns in ev'ry
thought !

" Why sense of better ? It embitters worse.

" Why sense ? why life ? if but to sigh, then sink

" To what I was ? *twice* nothing ! and much woe !

" Woe ! from Heav'n's bounties ! woe, from what
was wont

" To flatter most, high *intellectual powers*.

" *Thought, virtue, know'edge* ! blessings, by thy
scheme,

" All poison'd into pains. First, *knowledge*, once

" My soul's ambition, *now* her greatest dread.

" To *know myself*, true wisdom ?—No, to shun

" That shocking science, parent of despair !

" Avert thy mirror : if I see, I die.

" *Know my Creator* ! climb his blest abode

By painful speculation, pierce the veil,

Dive in his nature, read his attributes,

And gaze in admiration—on a *foe*,

Obtruding life, with holding happiness !

From the full rivers that surround his throne,

Not letting fall one drop of joy on man ;

Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease

To curse his birth, nor envy *reptiles* more !

Ye sable clouds ! ye darkest shades of night !

Hide *him*, for ever hide him, from my thought,

Once all my comfort ; source, and soul of joy !

Now leagu'd with furies, and with *thee*, against

me.

M

" *Know*

242 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

" *Know his achievements !* study his renown !
 " Contemplate this amazing universe,
 " Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete !
 " For what ! 'mid miracles of nobler name,
 " To find one miracle of *miser* !
 " To find the being, which alone can *know*
 " And *praise* his works, a blemish on his praise ?
 " Thro' nature's ample range, in thought, to stroll,
 " And start at *man*, the single mourner there,
 " Breathing high hope ! chain'd down to pangs,
 and death !

" Knowing is suff'ring : and shall *virtue* share
 " The sigh of *knowledge* ? *Virtue* shares the sigh.
 " By straining up the steep of *excellent*,
 " By battles fought, and, from *temptation*, won,
 " What gains she, but the pangs of seeing worth,
 " *Angelic* worth, soon, shuffled in the dark
 " With ev'ry vice, and swept to *brutal* dust ?
 " Merit is madness ; virtue is a crime ;
 " A crime to *reason*, if it costs us pain
 " *Unpaid* : what pain, amidst a thousand more,
 " To think the most *abandon'd*, after days
 " Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
 " As *soft* a pillow, nor make *fouler* clay !

" *Duty ! Religion !*—These, our duty done,
 " Imply reward.—*Religion* is mistake.
 " *Duty* !—there's none, but to repel the cheat.
 " Ye cheats ! away ! ye daughters of my pride !
 " Who feign yourselves the favourites of the skies !
 " Ye tow'ring hopes ! abortive energies !

" *Tha*

- " That toils and struggle in my *lying* breast,
 " To scale the skies, and build presumptions there,
 " As I were heir of an *eternity*.
 " Vain, vain ambitions ! trouble me no more.
 " Why travel far in quest of sure defeat ?
 " As bounded as my being, be my wish.
 " All is inverted, *wisdom* is a fool.
 " *Sense* ! take the rein ; blind *passion* ! drive us on ;
 " And, *ignorance* ! befriend us on our way ;
 " Ye *new*, but *truest* patrons of our peace !
 " Yes ; give the *pulse* full empire ; live the *brute*,
 " Since, as the brute, we die. The *sum* of man,
 " Of godlike man ! to *revel*, and to *rot*.
 " But not on equal terms with *other* brutes :
 " *Their* revels a more poignant relish yield,
 " And safer too ; *they* never poisons chuse.
 " *Instinct*, than *Reason*, makes more wholesome
 meals,
 " And sends all-marring murmur far away.
 " For *sensual* life *they* best philosophize ;
 " *Theirs*, that *serene*, the *sages* fought in vain :
 " 'Tis *man* alone expostulates with Heaven ;
 " *His*, all the *pow'r*, and all the *cause*, to mourn.
 " Shall *human* eyes alone dissolve in tears ?
 " And bleed, in anguish, none but *human* hearts !
 " The wide-stretch'd realm of *intellectual* woe,
 " Surpassing *sensual* far, is all our own.
 " In *life* so fatally distinguish'd, why
 " Cast in one lot, confounded, lump't, in *death* ?

- " Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt?
 " Why thunder'd this peculiar *clause* against us,
 " *All mortal, and all-wretched!*—Have the skies
 " Reasons of state, their subjects may not scan,
 " Nor *humbly* reason, when they *solely* sigh?
 " *All-mortal, and all-wretched!*—'Tis too much!
 " Unparallel'd in nature: 'Tis too much
 " On being *unrequested* at thy hands,
 " OMNIPOTENT! for I see nought but *pow'r*.
 " And why see that? Why *thought*? To toil,
 and eat,
 " Then make our bed in darkness, needs no
 thought.
 " What superfluities are *reas'ning* souls!
 " Oh give eternity! or thought destroy.
 " But without thought our curse were half-unfelt;
 " Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart;
 " And, *therefore*, 'tis bestow'd. I thank thee, *reason*!
 " For aiding *life's* too small calamities,
 " And giving being to the dread of *death*.
 " *Such* are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
 " For *me*, to trespass on the brutal rights?
 " Too much for *Heav'n* to make one emmet more?
 " Too much for *chaos* to permit my mass
 " A longer stay with essences unwrought,
 " Unfashion'd, untormented into *man*?
 " Wretched preferment to this round of pains!
 " Wretched capacity of phrensy, *thought*!
 " Wretched capacity of dying, *life*!

" *Life*

" *Life, thought, worth, wisdom*, all (O foul revolt !)

" *Once* friends to peace, gone over to the foe.

" *Death*, then, has chang'd its nature too : O
death !

" Come to my bosom, thou best gift of Heaven !

" Best friend of man ! since man is man no more.

" Why in this thorny *Wilderness* so long,

" Since there's no *promis'd land's* ambrosial bower,

" To pay me with its honey for my stings ?

" If needful to the selfish schemes of Heaven

" To sting us sore, why *mockt* our misery ?

" Why this so sumptuous insult o'er our heads ?

" Why this illustrious canopy display'd ?

" Why so magnificently lodg'd *despair* ?

" At stated periods, sure-returning, roll

" These *glorious orbs*, that mortals may compute

" Their length of labours, and of pains ; nor lose

" Their misery's full measure ?——Smiles with
flowers,

" And fruits, promiscuous, ever-teeming *earth*,

" That man may languish in *luxurious* scenes,

" And in an *Eden* mourn his wither'd joys ?

" Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due

" For *such* delights ! Blest *animals* ! too wise

" To *wonder* ; and too happy to *complain* !

" Our *doom decreed* demands a mournful scene :

" Why not a dungeon dark, for the *condemn'd* ?

" Why not the dragon's subterranean den,

" For man to howl in ? Why not his abode

" Of the same dismal colour with his fate ?

246 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

- " A *Thebes*, a *Babylon*, at vast expence
 " Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
 " As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome,
 " Which prompts proud thought, and kindles
 high desire;
 " If, from her humble chamber in the dust,
 " While proud thought swells, and high desire
 inflames,
 " The poor *worm* calls us for her inmates *there*;
 " And, round us, *death's* inexorable hand
 " Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no more.
 " *Undrawn no more!* — Behind the cloud of *death*,
 " Once, I beheld a sun; a sun which gilt
 " That fable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
 " How the *grave's* alter'd! Fathomless, as hell!
 " A *real* hell to those who dreamt of heaven.
 " ANNIHILATION! How it yawns before me!
 " Next moment I may drop from *thought*, from *sense*,
 " The privilege of *angels*, and of *worms*,
 " An outcast from existence! And this spirit,
 " This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
 " This particle of energy divine,
 " Which travels nature, flies from star to star,
 " And visits gods, and emulates their powers,
 " For ever is extinguish'd. Horror! death!
 " Death of *that* death I *fearless* once survey'd! —
 " When horror *universal* shall descend,
 " And heav'n's dark concave urn all human race,
 " On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
 " How just this verse! this monumental sigh!

Benjamin

*Beneath the lumber of demolisht worlds,
Deep in the rubbish of the gen'ral wreck,
Swept ignominious to the common mass
Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
Here lie proud Rationals ; the sons of heav'n !
The lords of earth ! the property of worms !
Beings of yesterday, and no to-morrow !
Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd !
All gone to rot in chaos ; or, to make
Their happy transit into blocks or brutes,
Nor longer fully their CREATOR's name.*

LORENZO ! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.
Just is this history ? If *such* is man,
Mankind's historian, tho' divine, might weep.

The Difficulty of being an Infidel, &c. YOUNG.

THE world's a system of theology,
Read, by the greatest strangers to the schools :
If *honest*, learn'd ; and *sages* o'er a plough.
Is not, LORENZO ! then, impos'd on thee
This hard alternative ; or, to renounce
Thy *reason*, and thy *sense* ; or, to *believe* ?
What then is *unbelief* ? 'Tis an exploit ;
A strenuous enterprize : to gain it, man
Must burst thro' ev'ry bar of common sense,
Of common shame, magnanimously wrong ;

248 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

And what rewards the sturdy combatant ?
His prize, *repentance* ; *infamy*, his crown.

But wherefore, *infamy* ?—For want of *faith*
Down the steep precipice of *wrong* he slides ;
There's nothing to support him in the *right*.
Faith in the future wanting, is, at least
In *embryo*, ev'ry weakness, ev'ry guilt ;
And strong temptation ripens it to *birth*.
If *this* life's gain invites him to the deed,
Why not his country sold, his father slain ?
'Tis virtue to pursue our good supreme ;
And his supreme, his *only*, good is *here*.

Ambition, *av'rice*, by the wise disdain'd,
Is perfect *wisdom*, while mankind are *fools*,
And think a turf, or tomb-stone, covers all ;
These find employment, and provide for *sense*
A richer pasture, and a larger range ;
And *sense* by right divine ascends the throne,
When *reason's* prize and prospect are no more ;
Virtue no more we think the will of Heaven.
Would Heav'n quite *beggar* virtue, if belov'd ?

“ Has *virtue* charms ?”—I grant her heavenly
fair ;

But if un-portion'd, all will *int'rest* wed ;
Tho' *that* our admiration, *this* our choice.
The virtues grow on *immortality* ;
That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.
A DEITY believ'd, will nought avail ;
Rewards and *punishments* make God ador'd ;

And *hopes* and *fears* give *conscience* all her power.

As in the dying parent dies the child,

Virtue, with *immortality*, expires.

Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,

Whate'er his boast, has told me, *he's a knave*.

His *duty* 'tis to love himself *alone*;

Nor care tho' mankind perish, if he smiles.

Who thinks ere-long the man shall *wholly* die;

Is dead already; nought but *brute* survives.

And are there such?—Such candidates there are:

For *more* than death; for utter loss of being;

Being, the basis of the DEITY!

Ask you the *cause*?—The cause they will not tell;

Nor *need* they: oh the forceries of *sense*!

They work this transformation on the soul,

Dismount her like the serpent at the fall,

Dismount her from her native wing (which soar'd

Ere-while ethereal heights), and throw her down,

To lick the dust, and *crawl*, in such a thought.

Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!

Fall'n from the wings of *reason*, and of *hope*!

Erect in stature, prone in appetite!

Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!

Lovers of argument, averse to sense!

Boasters of liberty, fast-bound in chains!

Lords of the wide creation, and the shame!

More *senseless* than th' *irrational*s you scorn!

More *base* than those you rule! Than those you

pity.

Far more *undone* ! O ye most infamous
 Of beings, from superior dignity !
 Deepest in woe, from means of boundless bliss !
 Ye curst by blessings infinite ! Because
 Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost !
 Ye motly mafs of *contradiction* strong !
 And are you, too, convinc'd, your souls fly off
 In exhalation soft, and die in air,
 From the full flood of evidence *against* you ?
 In the coarse drudgeries, and sinks of *sense*,
 Your souls have quite worn out the make of Heaven,

By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own ;
 But tho' you can *deform*, you can't *destroy* ;
 To *curse*, not *uncreate*, is all your power.

LORENZO ! this black brotherhood renounce ;
 Renounce *St. Evremont*, and read *St. Paul*.
 Ere rapt by miracle, by *reason* wing'd,
 His mounting mind made long abode in heaven.
This is free-thinking, unconfin'd to *parts*,
 To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
 Thro' all the provinces of human thought,
 To dart her flight thro' the whole sphere of man ;
 Of this vast universe to make the tour ;
 In each recess of *space*, and *time*, at home ;
 Familiar with their wonders ; diving deep ;
 And, like the prince of boundless int'rests *there*,
 Still more ambitious of the most remote ;
 To look on *truth* unbroken, and intire ;
 Truth in the *system*, the full orb ; where truths,

By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
 An arch-like, strong foundation, to support
 Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete
Conviction; here, the more we press, we stand
 More firm; who most *examine*, most *believe*.
Parts, like half-sentences, confound; the *whole*
 Conveys the sense, and GOD is understood:
 Who not in *fragments* writes to human race::
 Read his *whole* volume, sceptic! then reply.

This, this, is *thinking-free*, a thought that grasps
 Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
 Turn up thine eye, survey this midnight scene;
 What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundless orbs,
 Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range?
 And what yon boundless orbs, to godlike *man*?
 Those num'rous worlds that throng the firmament,
 And ask more space in Heav'n, can roll at large
 In *man's* capacious thought, and still leave room
 For ampler orbs, for *new* creations, there.
 Can *such* a soul contract itself, to gripe
 A point of no dimension, of no weight!
 It can; it does: the *world* is such a point;
 And, of *that* point, how *small* a part enslaves?

How small a part—of *nothing*, shall I say?
 Why not?—*Friends*, our *chief* treasure! how they
 drop!

LUCIA, NARCISSA fair, PHILANDER, gone!
 The grave, like fabled *Cerberus*, has op'd
 A triple mouth; and, in an awful voice,
 Loud calls my soul, and utters all I sing.

How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!

What says this *transportation* of my friends!

It bids me love the place where now they dwell,
And scorn this wretched spot they leave so poor.
Eternity's vast *ocean* lies before thee;

There, there, LORENZO! thy CLARISSA fails,
Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of earth,
That rock of souls *immortal*; cut thy cord;

Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call ev'ry wind;
Eye thy great *pole-star*; make the land of life.

Two kinds of life has *double-natur'd* man,
And two of death; the *last* far more severe.

Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the sun;

Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.

Life *rational* subsists on higher food,

Triumphant in *His* beams, who made the day.

When we leave *that* sun, and are left by *this*,

(The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt)

'Tis *utter* darkness; strictly *double* death.

We sink by no *judicial* stroke of Heaven,

But nature's *course*; as sure as plumbets fall.

Since GOD, or man, must alter, ere they meet,

(For light and darkness blend not in one sphere)

'Tis manifest, LORENZO! *who* must change.

If, then, that *double death* should prove thy lot,
Blame not the bowels of the DEITY:

Man shall be blest, as far as man *permits*.

Not man alone, all *rational*s, Heav'n arms

With an illustrious, but tremendous, power

To counter-act its own most gracious ends;
And this, of strict necessity, not choice:
That pow'r deny'd, men, angels, were no more,
But passive engines, void of praise, or blame.

A nature *rational* implies the power
Of being blest, or wretched, as we please;
Else idle *reason* would have nought to do;
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.

Heav'n *wills* our happiness, *allows* our doom:

Invites us ardently, but not *compels*;

Heav'n but *persuades*, almighty man *decrees*;

Man is the maker of immortal fates.

Man falls by man; if finally he falls;

And fall he *must*, who learns from *death* alone,

The dreadful secret,—that he *lives* for ever.

Why *this* to thee! thee yet, perhaps, in doubt.

Of second life? But wherefore doubtful still?

Eternal life is nature's ardent wish;

What ardently we wish, we *soon* believe:

Thy *tardy* faith declares that wish destroy'd:

What has destroy'd it?—Shall I tell thee, what?

When *fear'd the future*, 'tis no longer wisht;

And, when unwisht, we *strive* to disbelieve.

"*Thus infidelity our guilt betrays.*"

Nor that the *sole* detection! Blush, LORENZO!

Blush for hypocrisy, if not for guilt.

The *future fear'd*? An infidel, and fear!

Fear what? a *dream*? a *fable*?—How thy dread,

Unwilling evidence, and therefore *strong*,

Affords

Affords my cause an undesign'd support !

How *disbelief* affirms, what it denies !

“ *It, unawares, asserts immortal life.* ” —

Surprising ! *Infidelity* turns out

A *creed*, and a *confession of our sins* :

Apostates, *thus*, are orthodox divines.

LORENZO ! with LORENZO clash no more ;

Nor longer a *transparent* vizer wear.

Think'st thou ; RELIGION *only* has her mask ?

Our infidels are *Satan's* hypocrites,

Pretend the worst, and, at the bottom, *fail*.

When visited by thought (*thought will* intrude),

Like him they serve, they tremble, and believe.

Is there hypocrisy so foul as this ?

So fatal to the welfare of the world ?

What *detestation*, what *contempt*, their due ?

And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape

That christian candor they *strive* hard to scorn.

If not for that asylum, they might find

A hell on *earth* ; nor 'scape a worse *below*.

With insolence, and impotence of thought,

Instead of racking fancy, to *refute*,

Reform thy manners, and the truth *enjoy*. —

But shall I dare confess the dire result ?

Can thy proud *reason* brook so black a brand ?

From purer manners, to *sublimier faith*,

Is nature's unavoidable ascent ;

An *honest* Deist, where the gospel shines,

Matur'd to nobler, in the *christian* ends.

When

When that blest change arrives, 'e'en cast aside
This song superfluous ; *life immortal* strikes
Conviction, in a flood of light *divine*.
A *Christian* dwells, like *URIEL*, in the sun ;
Meridian evidence puts *doubt* to flight ;
And ardent *hope* anticipates the skies.
Of *that* bright sun, *LORENZO* ! scale the sphere ;
'Tis easy ; it invites thee ; it descends
From heaven to wooe, and waft thee whence it
came :

Read and revere the *sacred page* ; a page
Where triumphs *immortality* ; a page
Which not the whole *creation* could produce ;
Which not the *conflagration* shall destroy ;
In nature's ruins not one letter lost.

The Miser and Plutus. A Fable. GAY.

THE wind was high ; the window shakes,
With sudden start the Miser wakes ;
Along the silent room he stalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks :
Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
In ev'ry creek and corner pries,
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast.

By

By conscience stung, he wildly stares ;
And thus his guilty soul declares.

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold. Good gods ! what price
Can recompence the pangs of vice !
O bane of good ! seducing cheat !
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat ?
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind ;
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill ;
Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill :
'Twas gold instructed coward-hearts,
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er ?
Virtue resides on earth no more !

He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest ;
The Vision frown'd, and thus address'd.

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant ?
Each fordid rascal's daily cant,
Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind ?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd ?
Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made,
A cloak to carry on the trade ;
And power (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.

Thus,

Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast ;
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And ev'ry shocking vice beside.
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of heav'n :
Like heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay ?
Let bravoës then (when blood is spilt)
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

The Monkey who had seen the World. A Fable.
GAY.

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes :
For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies :
Misfortune serves to make us wise.
At length the treach'rous snare was laid ;
Poor *Pug* was caught, to town convey'd,
There sold. (How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room !)
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.

Whene'er

258. The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Whene'er the duty of the day,
 The toilette calls ; with mimic play
 He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
 Like any other Gentleman.
 In visits too his parts and wit,
 When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
 Proud with applause, he thought his mind
 In ev'ry courtly art refin'd ;
 Like ORPHEUS burnt with public zeal,
 To civilize the monkey weal :
 So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
 And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
 Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
 Some praise his sleeve ; and others glote
 Upon his rich embroider'd coat ;
 His dapper perriwig commending,
 With the black tail behind depending ;
 His powder'd back, above, below,
 Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow :
 But all, with envy and desire,
 His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.

Hear and improve, he pertly cries ;
 I come to make a nation wise.
 Weigh your own worth ; support your place,
 The next in rank to human race.
 In cities long I pass'd my days,
 Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
 Their dress, their courtly manners see ;
 Reform your state, and copy me.

Seek ye to thrive? in flatt'ry deal;
 Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
 Seem only to regard your friends,
 But use them for your private ends.
 Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
 Be prompt to lie, whene'er 'tis fit.
 Bend all your force to spatter merit;
 Scandal is conversation's spirit.
 Boldly to ev'ry thing pretend,
 And men your talents shall commend.
 I knew the great. Observe me right;
 So shall you grow like man polite.

He spoke, and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
 The wond'ring circle grin'd applause.

Now warm with malice, envy, spite,
 Their most obliging friends they bite;
 And fond to copy human ways,
 Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
 With travel finishes the fool;
 Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
 He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears;
 O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
 For vice is fitted to his parts.

The

The sick Man and the Angel. A Fable. GAY.

IS there no hope ? the sick man said.
 The silent doctor shook his head,
 And took his leave with sighs of sorrow,
 Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the man, with gasping breath :
 I feel the chilling wound of death.
 Since I must bid the world adieu,
 Let me my former life review.
 I grant, my bargains well were made,
 But all men over-reach in trade ;
 'Tis self-defence in each profession.
 Sure self-defence is no transgression.
 The little portion in my hands,
 By good security on lands,
 Is well increas'd. If unawares,
 My justice to myself and heirs,
 Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
 For want of good sufficient bail ;
 If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
 Reduc'd a family to need,
 My will hath made the world amends,
 My hope on charity depends.
 When I am number'd with the dead,
 And all my pious gifts are read,
 By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known
 My charities were amply shown.

An angel came. Ah friend ! he cry'd,

No more in flatt'ring hope confide.

Can thy good deeds in former times

Outweigh the balance of thy crimes ?

What widow or what orphan prays

To crown thy life with length of days ?

A pious action's in thy power,

Embrace with joy the happy hour.

Now, while you draw the vital air,

Prove your intention is sincere.

This instant give a hundred pound ;

Your neighbours want, and you abound.

But why such haste ! the sick Man whines ;

Who knows as yet what heav'n designs ?

Perhaps I may recover still.

That sum and more are in my will.

Fool, says the Vision, now 'tis plain,

Your life, your soul, your heav'n was gain.

From ev'ry side, with all your might,

You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right ;

And after death would fain atone,

By giving what is not your own.

While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd ;

Then why such haste ? so groan'd and dy'd.

The Persian, the Sun, and the Cloud. A Fable.
GAY.

IS there a bard whom genius fires,
 Whose ev'ry thought the God inspires ?
 When envy reads the nervous lines,
 She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines ;
 Her hissing snakes with venom swell ;
 She calls her venal train from hell :
 The servile fiends her nod obey,
 And all CURL's authors are in pay.
 Fame calls up calumny and spite.
 Thus shadow owes it's birth to light.

As prostrate to the God of day
 With heart devout a *Persian* lay ;
 His invocation thus begun.

Parent of light, all-seeing Sun,
 Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
 The various gifts of providence,
 Accept our praise, our daily prayer,
 Smile on our fields and bless the year !

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
 The day with sudden darkness hung ;
 With pride and envy swell'd, aloud
 A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud.
 Weak is this gaudy God of thine,
 Whom I at will forbid to shine.

Shall

Shall I nor vows, nor incense know ?

Where praise is due, the praise bestow.

With fervent zeal the *Persian* mov'd,

Thus the proud calumny reprov'd.

It was that God, who claims my prayer,

Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there :

When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,

Thy substance is but plainer shown.

A passing gale, a puff of wind,

Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd.

The gale arose ; the vapor tost

(The sport of winds) in air was lost ;

The glorious orb the day refines.

Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

The Father and Jupiter. A Fable. GAY.

THE Man to Jove his suit preferr'd ;
He begg'd a wife. His prayer was heard.

Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing :

For how precarious is the blessing !

A wife he takes. And now for heirs

Again he worries heav'n with prayers.

Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys

And a fine girl reward his joys.

Now, more solicitous he grew,

And set their future lives in view :

He

264 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.

Once more, he cries, accept my prayer ;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.

Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.

My next with strong ambition fire :
May favour teach him to aspire,
Till he the step of power ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.

With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.

If Heav'n approve, a Father's bless'd.

Give smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace ;
In fancy'd want (a wretch compleat)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.

The next to sudden honours grew,
The thriving arts of courts he knew :
He reach'd the height of power and place ;
Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 265

The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lover's pains.
With age she fades, each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the God. By outward show
Men judge of happiness and woe :
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will ?
Seek virtue ; and of that possess,
To providence resign the rest.

The Hare and many Friends. A Fable. GAY.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
Tis thus in friendships ; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

N

As

As forth she went at early dawn,
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
 And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
 She hears the near advance of death;
 She doubles to mislead the hound,
 And measures back her mazy round;
 Till, fainting in the public way,
 Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
 When first the horse appear'd in view!

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
 And owe my safety to a friend.

You know my feet betray my flight,
 To friendship ev'ry burden's light.

The horse reply'd, Poor honest Puss,
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus.
 Be comforted, relief is near;
 For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately bull implor'd;
 And thus reply'd the mighty lord.
 Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
 That I sincerely wish you well,
 I may, without offence, pretend
 To take the freedom of a friend.
 Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
 Expects me near yon barley-mow;
 And when a lady's in the case,
 You know all other things give place.

To leave you thus, might seem unkind ;
But see, the goat is just behind.

The goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye.
My back, says he, may do you harm ;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd :
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears ;
For hounds eat sheep, as well as Hares.

She now the trotting calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.

Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage ?
Older and abler pass'd you by ;
How strong are those ! how weak am I !
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me then. You know my heart.
But dearest friends, alas ! must part.
How shall we all lament ! Adieu ;
For see the hounds are just in view.

The Squire and his Cur. A Fable. GAY.

THE man of pure and simple heart
Through life disdains a double part.
He never needs the screen of lies
His inward bosom to disguise.

In vain malicious tongues assail.
 Let envy snarl, let slander rail,
 From virtue's shield (secure from wound)
 Their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.
 So shines his light before mankind,
 His actions prove his honest mind.
 If in his country's cause he rise,
 Debating senates to advise,
 Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
 The honest dictates of his heart.
 No ministerial frown he fears,
 But in his virtue perseveres.

But would you play the politician,
 Whose heart's averse to intuition,
 Your lips at all times, nay, your reason,
 Must be controul'd by place and season.
 What statesman could his pow'r support,
 Were lying tongues forbid the court?
 Did princely ears to truth attend,
 What minister could gain his end?
 How could he raise his tools to place,
 And how his honest foes disgrace?

That politician tops his part,
 Who readily can lie with art.
 The man's proficient in his trade;
 His pow'r is strong, his fortune's made.
 By that the int'rest of the throne
 Is made subservient to his own:

By that have kings of old, deluded,
All their own friends for his excluded ;
By that, his selfish schemes pursuing,
He thrives upon the public ruin.

ANTIOCHUS, with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chace ;
And, lost from all his menial train,
Travers'd the wood and pathless plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal guest ;
The PARTHIAN clown brought forth his best.
The king unknown his feast enjoy'd,
And various chat the hours employ'd.
From wine what sudden friendship springs !
Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.

We country folk (the clown replies)
Cou'd ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The king, (as all our neighbours say)
Might he (God bless him !) have his way,
Is found at heart, and means our good,
And he would do it, if he cou'd.
If truth in courts were not forbid,
Nor kings nor subjects would be rid.
Were he in pow'r, we need not doubt him :
But that transferr'd to those about him,
On them he throws the regal cares :
And what mind they ? their own affairs.
If such rapacious hands they trust,
The best of men may seem unjust.

From kings to coblers 'tis the same :
 Bad servants wound their master's fame.
 In this our neighbours all agree :
 Would the king knew as well as we.
 Here he stopt short. Repose they sought.
 The peasant slept, the monarch thought.

The courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,
 Where their lost sov'reign was withdrawn.
 The guards approach, our host alarms,
 With gaudy coats the cottage swarms.
 The crown and purple robes they bring,
 And prostrate fall before the king.
 The clown was call'd, the royal guest
 By due reward his thanks exprest.
 The king then, turning to the croud,
 Who fawningly before him bow'd,
 Thus spoke. Since, bent on private gain,
 Your counsels first misl'd my reign,
 Taught and inform'd by you alone,
 No truth the royal ear hath known,
 Till here conversing. Hence, ye crew,
 For now I know myself and you.

Whene'er the royal ear's ingross'd,
 State-lies but little genius cost.
 The fav'rite then securely robs,
 And gleans a nation by his jobs.
 Franker and bolder grown in ill,
 He daily poisons dares instill;
 And, as his present views suggest,
 Inflames or sooths the royal breast.

Thus wicked ministers oppress,
When oft' the monarch means redress.

Would kings their private subjects hear,
A minister must talk with fear.
If honesty oppos'd his views,
He dare not innocence accuse.

'Twould keep him in such narrow bound,
He could not right and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they disclose
Their real friends and real foes !
Were both themselves and subjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.

Had he the use of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wise.

But then a minister might lose
(Hard case !) his own ambitious views.
When such as these have vex'd a state,
Pursu'd by universal hate,
Their false support at once hath fail'd,
And persevering truth prevail'd.
Expos'd their train of fraud is seen ;
Truth will at last remove the screen.

A country 'Squire, by whim directed,
The true, staunch dogs of chace neglected.
Beneath his board no hound was fed ;
His hand ne'er stroak'd the spaniel's head.
A snappish Cur, alone carest,
By lies had banish'd all the rest.

YAP had his ear ; and defamation
 Gave him full scope of conversation.
 His sycophants must be preferr'd ;
 Room must be made for all his herd :
 Wherefore, to bring his schemes about,
 Old faithful servants all must out.

The Cur on ev'ry creature flew,
 (As other great mens puppies do)
 Unless due court to him were shown,
 And both their face and business known.
 No honest tongue an audience found :
 He worried all the tenants round ;
 For why, he liv'd in constant fear,
 Lest truth by chance should interfere.
 If any stranger dar'd intrude,
 The noisy Cur his heels pursu'd.
 Now fierce with rage, now struck with dread,
 At once he snarled, bit, and fled,
 Aloof he bays, with bristling hair,
 And thus in secret growls his fear.
 Who knows but truth, in this disguise,
 May frustrate my best guarded lies ?
 Should she (thus mask'd) admittance find,
 That very hour my ruin's sign'd.

Now in his howl's continu'd sound,
 Their words were lost, their voice was drown'd.
 Ever in awe of honest tongues,
 Thus ev'ry day he strain'd his lungs.

It happen'd, an ill-omen'd hour,
That YAP, unmindful of his pow'r,
Forsook his post, to love inclin'd;
A fav'rite bitch was in the wind.
By her seduc'd in am'rous play,
They frisk'd the joyous hours away.
Thus, by untimely love pursuing,
Like ANTHONY, he sought his ruin.

For now the 'Squire, unvex'd with noise,
An honest neighbour's chat enjoys.
Be free (says he) your mind impart;
I love a friendly open heart.

Methinks my tenants shun my gate,
Why such a stranger grown of late?
Pray tell me what offence they find:
'Tis plain they're not so well inclin'd.

Turn off your Cur (the farmer cries)
Who feeds your ear with daily lies.
His snarling insolence offends;
'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.
Were but that saucy puppy checkt,
You'd find again the same respect.
Hear only him, he'll swear it too,
That all our hatred is to you.
But learn from us your true estate;
'Tis that curs'd Cur alone we hate.

The 'Squire heard truth. Now YAP rush'd in;
The wide hall echoes with his din:
Yet truth prevail'd; and, with disgrace,
The Dog was cudgell'd out of place.

The Man, the Cat, the Dog, and the Fly.
A Fable. GAY.

To my native Country.

HA I L, happy land, whose fertile grounds
 The liquid fence of NEPTUNE bounds;
 By bounteous nature set apart,
 The seat of industry and art!
 O BRITAIN! chosen port of trade,
 May lux'ry ne'er thy sons invade;
 May never minister (intent
 His private treasures to augment)
 Corrupt thy state. If jealous foes
 Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,
 Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
 Who is't prescribes the ocean law?

Whenever neighb'ring states contend,
 'Tis thine to be the gen'ral friend.
 What is't, who rules in other lands?
 On trade alone thy glory stands.
 That benefit is unconfin'd,
 Diffusing good among mankind:
 That first gave lustre to thy reigns,
 And scatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
 'Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,
 And draws all EUROPE's envious eyes.
 Be commerce then thy sole design;
 Keep that, and all the world is thine.

When

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 275

When naval traffic plows the main,
Who shares not in the merchant's gain ?
'Tis that supports the regal state,
And makes the farmer's heart elate :
The num'rous flocks, that clothe the land,
Can scarce supply the looms demand ;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harvest yields.

Nature expects mankind should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for sloth ? To some we find
The plough-share's annual toil assign'd.
Some at the sounding anvil glow ;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw ;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide :
Some (taught by industry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art :
While some, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue assist mankind :
Each, aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.

The monarch, when his table's spread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread ;
And, when in all his glory drest,
Owes to the loom his royal vest.

Do not the mason's toil and care
 Protect him from th' inclement air ?
 Does not the cutler's art supply
 The ornament that guards his thigh ;
 All these, in duty to the throne,
 Their common obligations own.
 'Tis he (his own and people's cause)
 Protects their properties and laws.
 Thus they their honest toil employ,
 And with content their fruits enjoy.
 In ev'ry rank, or great or small,
 'Tis industry supports us all.

The animals, by want oppress'd,
 To man their services address'd.
 While each pursu'd their selfish good,
 They hunger'd for precarious food.
 Their hours with anxious cares were vex'd ;
 One day they fed, and starv'd the next.
 They saw that plenty, sure and rise,
 Was found alone in social life ;
 That mutual industry profess'd,
 The various wants of man redress'd.

The Cat, half-famish'd, lean and weak,
 Demands the privilege to speak.

Well, Puss, (says Man) and what can you
 To benefit the public do ?

The Cat replies, These teeth, these claws,
 With vigilance shall serve the cause.

The mouse, destroy'd by my pursuit,
No longer shall your feasts pollute ;
Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,
With wasteful teeth your stores invade.

I grant, says Man, to gen'ral use
Your parts and talents may conduce ;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threshers whirl the flail in vain :
Thus shall the Cat, a foe to spoil,
Protect the farmer's honest toil.

Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
Well, Sir ; be next your merits try'd.

Sir, says the Dog, by self-applause
We seem to own a friendless cause.
Ask those who know me, if distrust
E'er found me treach'rous or unjust.
Did I e'er faith or friendship break ?
Ask all those creatures ; let them speak.
My vigilance and trusty zeal
Perhaps might serve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in safety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed ?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you sleep ?

The Man replies, 'Tis just and right
Rewards such service should requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Trust uncorrupt among mankind,

That,

278 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

That, taken in a public view,
The first distinction is your due.
Such merits all reward transcend :
Be then my comrade and my friend.

Addressing now the Fly, From you
What public service can accrue ?
From me ! (the flutt'ring insect said)
I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is't fit
That I to industry submit ?
Let mean mechanics, to be fed,
By bus'ness earn ignoble bread.
Lost in excess of daily joys,
No thought, no care, my life annoys.
At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I sip the tea's delicious flow'r.
On cates luxuriously I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine.
Studious of elegance and ease,
Myself alone I seek to please.

The man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the useless coxcomb chides.

Hence, from that peach, that downy feat ;
No idle fool deserves to eat.
Could you have sapp'd the blushing rind,
And on that pulp ambrosial din'd,
Had not some hand, with skill and toil,
To raise the tree, prepar'd the soil ?

Consider, sot, what would ensue,
 Were all such worthless things as you.
 You'd soon be forc'd (by hunger stung)
 To make your dirty meals on dung;
 On which such despicable need,
 Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
 Besides, vain selfish insect, learn,
 (If you can right and wrong discern)
 That he who, with industrious zeal,
 Contributes to the public weal,
 By adding to the common good,
 His own hath rightly understood.
 So saying, with a sudden blow,
 He laid the noxious vagrant low.
 Crush'd in his luxury and pride,
 The spunger on the public dy'd.

A Contemplation on Night. GAY.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I
 stray,
 Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
 Still Nature's various face informs my sense,
 Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.
 When the gay sun first breaks the shades of
 night,
 And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
 Colour

280 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year ;
The blooming flow'rs with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show,
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.

But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns :
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost ;
No distant landskips draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand ;
Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:
The silver Moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes,
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send,
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
Yet all his systems but conjectures are ;
But this we know, that heav'n's eternal King,
Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his *Word* bid num'rous worlds appear,
And rising worlds th' all-powerful *Word* shall hear.

When

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 281

When to the western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends,
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plow correct the fallow soil,
While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light;
And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy morning wakes;
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall night's alternate reign be known:
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
But thou, O God, for ever shine the same.

A Thought on Eternity. GAY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,

From

282 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

From angry heav'n when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
Thou still shalt be ; still, as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.
O endless thought ! divine eternity !

Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee ;
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah ! what is life ? with ills incompass'd round,
Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden wound :
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes ;
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd ;
Think all that treasure thou must leave behind ;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd herse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay ;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man ?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream :
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To lanch from earth into eternity.
For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

Alex.

*Alexander's Feast ; or, The Power of Music ;
an Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.* DRYDEN:

I.

'T WAS at the Royal Feast, for *Persia* won
By *Philip's* warlike son :
Aloft in awful state
The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne :
His valiant peers were plac'd around ;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
(So should desert in arms be crown'd :)
The lovely *Thais*, by his side,
Sate like a blooming *Eastern* bride
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair ;
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the Fair:

CHORUS.

*Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the Fair:*

II. *Timotheus,*

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high

Amid the tuneful quire,

With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :

The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from *Jove*,

Who left his blissful seats above,

(Such is the pow'r of mighty love)

A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God :

Sublime on radiant spires he rode,

When he to fair *Olympia* press'd :

And while he fought her snowy breast :

Then round her slender waist he curl'd,

And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of
the world.

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,

A present deity, they shout around :

A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :

With ravish'd ears

The monarch hears,

Assumes the God,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

C H O R U S.

With ravish'd ears

The monarch hears,

Assumes

*Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.*

III.

The praise of *Bacchus*, then, the sweet musician
fung ;

Of *Bacchus* ever fair and ever young :

The jolly God in triumph comes ;

Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;

Flush'd with a purple grace

He shews his honest face :

Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,

Drinking joys did first ordain ;

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure ;

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure ;

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV. Sooth'd

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he
 slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise ;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful Muse

Soft pity to infuse :

He sung *Darius* great and good,

By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,

And weltring in his blood ;

Deserted, at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed :

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor fate,

Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below ;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;

And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul

*The various turns of chance below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
And tears began to flow.*

V.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree :
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet in *Lydian* measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;

Honour but an empty bubble ;

Néver ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying ;

If the world be worth thy winning,

Think, O think, it worth enjoying :

Lovely *Thais* sits besides thee,

Take the good the Gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;

So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gaz'd on the fair

Who caus'd his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHO.

CHORUS.

*The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.*

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head :
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around.
 Revenge, revenge, *Timotheus* cries,
 See the furies arise :
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 Those are *Grecian* ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unbury'd remain
 Inglorious on the plain :

Give

Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they tofs their torches on high,
How they point to the *Persian* abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
And, like another *Helen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

C H O R U S.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine *Cecilia* came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Let old *Timotheus* yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.

Grand CHORUS.

*At last, divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.*

Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's Day. POPE.

DESCEND, ye Nine ! descend and sing ;
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre !
 In a sadly-pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain :
 Let the loud trumpet sound,
 'Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echos rebound :
 While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark !

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 291

Hark ! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear ;
Now louder, and yet louder rise
And fill with spreading sounds the skies ;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;
'Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes ;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms !
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,

While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main.
 Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Enflam'd with glory's charms :
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade :
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
 To arms, to arms, to arms !

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary coasts !
 Dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans,
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts !
 But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;
 And see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
 See, shady forms advance !
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance !

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 293

The furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their
heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
By the hero's armed shades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
O take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious?
Tho' fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!

How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in Mæanders,

All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan ;
 And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost !
 Now with furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows :

See, wild as the winds, o'er the deserts he flies ;
 Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—

Ah see, he dies !

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,

Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm :
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please :
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.

This

This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,

Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;

And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

*The Character of a Good Parson, imitated from
Chaucer.* DRYDEN.

A PARISH-Priest was of the pilgrim-train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, tho' his attire was poor;
(As God had cloth'd his own ambassador;)
For such on earth his blest'd Redeemer bore.
Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might last
To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast;
Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense;
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promis'd him sincere.

Nothing reserv'd or fullen was to see :
 But sweet regards ; and pleasing sanctity :
 Mild was his accent, and his action free.
 With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd ;
 Tho' harsh, the precept yet the people charm'd,
 For, letting down the golden chain on high,
 He drew his audience upward to the sky :
 And oft, with holy hymns, he charm'd their ears ;
 (A musick more melodious than the spheres.)
 For *David* left him, when he went to rest,
 His lyre ; and after him, he sung the best.
 He bore his great commission in his look ;
 But sweetly temper'd awe ; and soften'd all he spoke.
 He preach'd the joys of heav'n, and pains of hell ;
 And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal ;
 But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
 He taught the gospel rather than the law ;
 And forc'd himself to drive, but lov'd to draw.
 For fear but freezes minds : but love, like heat,
 Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
 To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
 Wrapt in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd ;
 But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
 He melts, and throws his cum'brous cloak away.
 Lightning and thunder (heav'n's artillery)
 As harbingers before th' Almighty fly :
 Those but proclaim his style, and disappear ;
 The stiller sound succeeds ; and God is there.

The tithes, his parish freely paid, he took;
But never su'd, or curs'd with bell and book.
With patience bearing wrong; but off'ring none:
Since every man is free to lose his own.

The country-churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind)
The less he sought his off'rings, pinch'd the more;
And prais'd a priest, contented to be poor.

Yet of his little, he had some to spare,
To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare:
For mortify'd he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he wou'd not see.
True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sov'reign Lord;
Nothing was theirs; but all the public store:
Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor;
Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.

Wide was his parish, not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house;
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd:
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.

All this the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor spar'd his pains, for curate he had none.
Nor durst he trust another with his care;
Nor rode himself to *Paul's*, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishopricks and *sine Cures* are sold.

But duly watch'd his flock by night and day ;
 And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey,
 And hungry sent the wily fox away. }

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he chear'd;
 Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd :
 His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
 (A living sermon of the truths he taught;)
 For this by rules severe his life he squar'd,
 That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
 For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest :
 (The gold of heav'n, who bear the God impress'd :)
 But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
 The sov'reign image is no longer seen.
 If they be foul, on whom the people trust,
 Well may the baser brass contract a rust.

The prelate, for his holy life, he priz'd ;
 The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd.
 His Saviour came not with a gaudy show ;
 Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
 Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
 These marks of church and churchmen he design'd, }
 And living taught ; and dying left behind.
 The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn ;
 In purple he was crucify'd, not born.
 They who contend for place and high degree,
 Are not his sons, but those of Zedee.

Not, but he knew the signs of earthly pow'r
 Might well become Saint *Peter's* successor :

The Holy Father holds a double reign,
The prince may keep his pomp; the fisher must
be plain.

Such was the saint; who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, *Moses*-like, his Maker's face.
God saw his image lively was express'd;
And his own work, as in creation, blest'd.

The tempter saw him too, with envious eye;
And, as on *Job*, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when *Richard* was depos'd,
And high and low with happy *Harry* clos'd.
This prince, tho' great in arms, the priest withstood:
Near tho' he was, yet not the next in blood.
Had *Richard*, unconstrain'd, resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own:
The title stood entail'd, had *Richard* had a son.

Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted, none the battle try'd.
The senseless plea of right by providence
Was, by a flatt'ring priest, invented since:
And lasts no longer than the present sway;
But justifies the next who comes in play.

The people's right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their pow'r, when they the judges are.
He join'd not in their choice, because he knew
Worse might, and often did from change ensue.
Much to himself he thought; but little spoke;
And, undpriv'd, his benefice forsook.

Now, thro' the land, his cure of souls he stretch'd:
And like a primitive apostle preach'd.

Still chearful ; ever constant to his call ;
 By many follow'd ; lov'd by most, admir'd by all.
 With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd ;
 And gave the charities himself receiv'd.

Gave, while he taught ; and edify'd the more,
 Because he shew'd, by proof, 'twas easy to be poor.

He went not, with the crowd, to see a shrine ;
 But fed us, by the way, with food divine.

In deference to his virtues, I forbear
 To shew you what the rest in orders were :
 This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
 He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.

On Sheep-shearing---Song on that Occasion, &c.

DYER.

NOW, jolly swains, the harvest of your cares
 Prepare to reap, and seek the sounding caves
 Of high Brigantium^a, where, by ruddy flames,
 Vulcan's strong sons, with nervous arm, around
 The steady anvil, and the glaring mass,
 Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
 Flatt'ning the steel ; from their rough hands receive
 The sharpen'd instrument, that from the flock
 Severs the fleece. If verdant elder spreads
 Her silver flow'rs ; if humble daisies yield

^a *The caves of Brigantium—the forges of Sheffield in Yorkshire, where the shepherds shear and all edge-tools are made.*

To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant grafs,
 Gay shearing-time approaches. First, howe'er,
 Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
 Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
 And plunge them one by one into the flood :
 Plung'd in the flood, not long the struggler sinks,
 With his white flakes, that glisten thro' the tide ;
 The sturdy rustic, in the middle wave,
 Awaits to seize him rising ; one arm bears
 His lifted head above the limpid stream,
 While the full clammy fleece the other laves
 Around, laborious, with repeated toil ;
 And then resigns him to the sunny bank,
 Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.

Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
 Lest touch of busy fly-blows wound their skin :
 Thy peaceful subjects without murmur yield
 Their yearly tribute : 'tis the prudent part
 To cherish and be gentle, while ye strip
 The downy vesture from their tender sides
 Press not too close ; with caution turn the points ;
 And from the head in reg'lar rounds proceed :
 But speedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
 Prevent the wingy swarm and scorching heat ;
 And careful house them, if the low'ring clouds
 Mingle their stores tumultuous : through the gloom
 Then thunder oft with pond'rous wheels rolls loud,
 And breaks the crystal urns of heav'n : adown
 Falls streaming rain. Sometimes among the steep

302 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Of Cambrian glades, (pity the Cambrian glades)
Fast tumbling brooks on brooks enormous swell,
And sudden overwhelm their vanish'd fields :
Down with the flood away the naked sheep,
Bleating in vain, are borne, and straw-built huts,
And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.

At shearing-time along the lively vales,
Rural festivities are often heard :
Beneath each blooming arbor all is joy
And lusty merriment : while on the grass
The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
We think the golden age again return'd,
And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
Leering they bound along, with laughing air,
To the shrill pipe, and deep remurm'ring cords
Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound.

While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt
With ev'ry murmur of the sliding wave,
And ev'ry warble of the feather'd choir ;
Music of paradise ! which still is heard,
When the heart listens ; still the views appear
Of the first happy garden, when content
To nature's flow'ry scenes directs the sight.
Yet we abandon those Elysian walks,
Then idly for the lost delight repine :
As greedy mariners, whose desp'rate sails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,

Fancy they see the less'ning shores retire,
And sigh a farewell to the sinking hills.

Could I recall those notes, which once the Muse
Heard at a shearing, near the woody sides
Of blue-topp'd Wreakin^r. Yet the carols sweet,
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. First arose in song
Hoar-headed DAMON, venerable swain,
The soothing shepherd of the flow'ry vale.

"This is no vulgar scene: no palace roof
"Was e'er so lofty, nor so nobly rise
"Their polish'd pillars, as these aged oaks,
"Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmless sports
"Thus have expanded wide their sheltering arms,
"Thrice told an hundred summers. Sweet content,
"Ye gentle shepherds, pillow us at night."

"Yes, tuneful DAMON, for our cares are short,
"Rising and falling with the chearful day,"
"COLIN reply'd, "and pleasing weariness
"Soon our unaching heads to sleep inclines.
"Is it in cities so? where, poets tell,
"The cries of sorrow sadden all the streets,
"And the diseases of intemperate wealth.
"Alas, that any ills from wealth should rise!

"May the sweet nightingale on yonder spray,
"May this clear stream, these lawns, those snow-
white lambs,

"Which, with a pretty innocence of look,

^r *Wreakin, a high hill in Shropshire.*

"Skip

" Skip on the green, and race in little troops ;
 " May that great lamp, which sinks behind the
 hills,

" And streams around variety of lights,
 " Recall them erring : This is DAMON's wish.

" Huge Breaden's* stony summit once I climb'd
 " After a kiddling : DAMON, what a scene !
 " What various views unnumber'd spread beneath !
 " Woods, tow'rs, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and
 torrent floods ;

" And here and there, between the spiry rocks,
 " The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospect these,
 " Than gardens black with smoke in dusty towns,
 " Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun :
 " Yet flying from his quiet, thither crowds
 " Each greedy wretch for tardy rising wealth,
 " Which comes too late; that courts the taste in vain,
 " Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye rich,
 " Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life ;
 " And piping, careless silly shepherds we,
 " We silly shepherds, all intent to feed
 " Our snowy flocks, and wind the sleeky fleece."
 " Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,"

DAMON reply'd, " while the SUPREME accounts
 " Well of the faithful shepherd, rank'd alike
 " With king and priest: they also shepherds are ;
 " For so th' All-seeing stiles them, to remind
 " Elated man, forgetful of his charge."

* Breaden, a hill on the borders of Montgomeryshire.

" But

" But haste, begin the rites : see purple Eve
 " Stretches her shadows: all ye nymphs and swains
 " Hither assemble. Pleas'd with honours due,
 " SABRINA, guardian of the crystal flood,
 " Shall bless our cares, when she by moonlight clear
 " Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our sleeping folds :
 " Or in hoar caves, around Plynlymmon's brow,
 " Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams,
 " Among her sisters she reclines ; the lov'd
 " Vaga^t, profuse of graces, Ryddol^t rough,
 " Blithe Ystwith^t, and Clevedoc^t swift of foot ;
 " And mingles various seeds of flow'rs, and herbs,
 " In the divided torrents, ere they burst
 " Thro' the dark clouds, and down the mountain
 roll.

" Nor taint-worm shall infect the yearning herds,
 " Nor penny-grass, nor spearwort's pois'nous leaf."

He said : with light fantastic toe, the nymphs
 Thither assembled, thither ev'ry swain ;
 And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flow'rs,
 Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,
 Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
 And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms.

Such custom holds along th' irriguous vales,
 From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn^u,
 Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet she fled.

^t *Vaga, Ryddol, Ystwith, and Clevedoc, rivers, the springs of which rise in the sides of Plynlymmon.*

^u *Dolvoryn, a ruinous castle in Montgomeryshire, on the banks of the Severn.*

The search of Guendolen, her stepdame proud,
 With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly chear,
 Spread on a mossy bank, untouch'd abides,
 Till cease the rites : and now the mossy bank
 Is gayly circled, and the jolly chear
 Dispers'd in copious measure ; early fruits,
 And those of frugal store, in husk or rind ;
 Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream
 Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
 And cast about their gibes ; and some apace
 Whistle to roundelays : their little ones
 Look on delighted : while the mountain-woods,
 And winding vallies, with the various notes
 Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
 Unite their echoes : near at hand the wide
 Majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls
 Along the deep-divided glebe : the flood,
 And trading bark with low contracted sail,
 Linger among the reeds and copy banks
 To listen ; and to view the joyous scene.

Recommendation of Mercifulness to Animals.

DYER.

THRO' all the brute creation, none, as sheep,
 To lordly man such ample tribute pay.
 For Him their udders yield nectareous streams ;
 For Him their downy vestures they resign ;
 For Him they spread the feast : ah ! ne'er may he
 Glory

Glory in wants, which doom to pain and death
 His blameless fellow-creatures. Let disease,
 Let wasted hunger, by destroying live ;
 And the permission use with trembling thanks,
 Meekly reluctant : 'tis the brute beyond :
 And gluttons ever murder, when they kill.
 Ev'n to the reptile ev'ry cruel deed
 Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
 Not of the sanguinary tribe are all ;
 All are not savage. Come, ye gentle swains,
 Like BRAMA's healthy sons on Indus' banks,
 Whom the pure stream and garden fruits sustain,
 Ye are the sons of nature ; your mild hands
 Are innocent : ye, when ye shear, relieve.

*Few Dyes the natural Product of England—
 the Advantages and Necessity of Trade, &c.*

DYER.

OUR vallies yield not, or but sparing yield,
 The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,
 Or root of madder, here, or purple woad,
 By which our naked ancestors obscur'd
 Their hardy limbs, inwrought with mystic forms,
 Like Egypt's obelisks. The pow'ful sun
 Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
 And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
 Which Trade to us conveys. Nor tints alone,
 Trade to the good physician gives his balms ;

Gives

308 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Gives cheering cordials to th' afflicted heart ;
 Gives, to the wealthy, delicacies high ;
 Gives, to the curious, works of nature rare ;
 And when the priest displays, in just discourse,
 HIM, the all-wise CREATOR, and declares
 His presence, pow'r, and goodness, unconfin'd,
 'Tis Trade, attentive voyager, who fills
 His lips with argument. To censure Trade,
 Or hold her busy people in contempt,
 Let none presume. The dignity, and grace,
 And weal, of human life, their fountains owe
 To seeming imperfections, to vain wants,
 Or real exigencies : passions swift
 Forerunning reason ; strong contrarious bents,
 The steps of men dispersing wide abroad,
 O'er realms and seas. There, in the solemn scene,
 Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
 Humiliating the mind enlarg'd ; for they
 The clearest sense of Deity receive,
 Who view the widest prospect of his works,
 Ranging the globe with Trade thro' various climes :
 Who see the signatures of boundless love,
 Nor less the judgments of Almighty Pow'r,
 That warn the wicked, and the wretch who
 'scapes
 From human justice : who, astonish'd, view
 Ætna's loud thunders and tempestuous fires ;
 The dust of Carthage ; desert shores of Nile ;
 Or Tyre's abandon'd summit, crown'd of old
 With stately tow'rs ; whose merchants, from their
 isles, And

And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts;
 Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
 Their shaggy goats, their flocks, and bleating lambs;
 Where rich Damascus pil'd his fleeces white,
 Prepar'd, and thirsty for the double tint,
 And flow'ring shuttle. While th' admiring world
 Crowded her streets; ah! then the hand of pride
 Sow'd imperceptible his pois'nous weed,
 Which crept destructive up her lofty domes,
 As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
 Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
 Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain;
 Not ev'n the dust they sunk in; by the breath
 Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
 Down to the bottom of the stormy deep:
 Only the solitary rock remains,
 Her ancient site; a monument to those
 Who toil and wealth exchange for sloth and pride.

Recommendation of Labour.

DYER.

EV'N nature lives by toil:
 Beast, bird, air, fire, the heav'ns, and rolling worlds,
 All live by action: nothing lies at rest,
 But death and ruin: man is born to care;
 Fashion'd, improv'd, by labor. This, of old,
 Wise states observing, gave that happy law,
 Which doom'd the rich and needy, ev'ry rank,

To

310 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

To manual occupation ; and oft call'd
 Their chieftains from the spade, or furrowing plough,
 Or bleating sheepfold. Hence utility
 Through all conditions ; hence the joys of health ;
 Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought ;
 Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
 Delectable. What simple nature yields
 (And nature does her part) are only rude
 Materials, cumbrous on the thorny ground ;
 'Tis toil that makes them wealth ; that makes the
 fleece,

(Yet useless, rising in unshapen heaps)
 Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
 A vesture usefully succinct and warm,
 Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,
 A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs,
 The scatter'd mists reveal the dusky hills ;
 Grey dawn appears ; the golden morn ascends,
 And paints the glitt'ring rocks, and purple woods,
 And flaming spires ; arise, begin your toils ;
 Behold the fleece beneath the spiky comb
 Drop its long locks, or, from the mingling card,
 Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whiten'd floor.

Come, village nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids,
 Receive the soft material : with light step
 Whether ye turn around the spacious wheel,
 Or, patient sitting, that revolve, which forms
 A narrower circle. On the brittle work
 Point your quick eye ; and let the hand assist

To guide and stretch the gently-lefs'ning thread :
Even, unknotted twine will praise your skill.

*Country-Workhouses proposed—a Description of
one—good Effects of Industry exemplified, &c.*

DYER.

WHEN, thro' ev'ry province, shall be rais'd
Houses of labor, seats of kind constraint,
For those, who now delight in fruitless sports,
More than in chearful works of virtuous trade,
Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due,
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who seek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For sustenance unearn'd; who stroll abroad
From house to house, with mischievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppress'd,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains
wild,

Thro' storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
To happiness: the long-wish'd day-light dawns,
When charitable rigor shall detain
Your step-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the sons of trade,
Where-e'er their cultivated hamlets smile,
Erect the mansion*: here soft fleeces shine;

* Erect the mansion—This alludes to the workhouses at
Bristol, Birmingham, &c.

312 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel :
 Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm ;
 No rain shall wet your pillow : here abounds
 Pure bev'rage ; here your viands are prepar'd ;
 To heal each sickness the physician waits,
 And priest entreats to give your MAKER praise.

Behold, in Calder's¹ vale, where wide around
 Unnumber'd villa's creep the shrubby hills,
 A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise.
 High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
 ELIZA's image stands. By gentle steps
 Up-rais'd, from room to room we slowly walk,
 And view with wonder, and with silent joy,
 The sprightly scene ; where many a busy hand,
 Where spoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with mo-
 tion quick,

And ever-murm'ring sound, th' unwonted sense
 Wrap in surprise. To see them all employ'd,
 All blithe, it gives the spreading heart delight,
 As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
 Corporeal, can bestow. Nor less they gain
 Virtue than wealth, while, on their useful works
 From day to day intent, in their full minds
 Evil no place can find. With equal scale
 Some deal abroad the well-assorted fleece ;
 These card the short, those comb the longer flake ;
 Others the harsh and clotted lock receive,
 Yet sever and refine with patient toil,

¹ Calder, a river in Yorkshire, which runs below
 Halifax, and passes by Wakefield.

And bring to proper use. Flax too, and hemp,
Excite their diligence. The younger hands
Ply at the easy work of winding yarn
On swiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together, as a choir of larks :
Such joy arises in the mind employ'd.
Another scene displays the more robust,
Rasping or grinding tough Brazilian woods,
And what Campeachy's disputable shore
Copious affords to tinge the thirsty web ;
And the Caribbee isles, whose dulcet canes
Equal the honey-comb. We next are shown
A circular machine ^m, of new design,
In conic shape : It draws and spins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needle's hands.
A wheel, invisible, beneath the floor,
To ev'ry member of th' harmonious frame
Gives necessary motion. One, intent,
O'erlooks the work : the carded wool, he says,
Is smoothly lapp'd around those cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cinque
Of upright spindles, which, with rapid whirl,
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.

From this delightful mansion (if we seek
Still more to view the gifts which honest toil
Distributes) take we now our eastward course,
To the rich fields of Burstal. Wide around

^m *A most curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It is
at present contrived to spin cotton ; but it may be made to
spin fine carded wool.*

314 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile :
 And ruddy roofs, and chimney-tops appear,
 Of busy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
 The incense of thanksgiving : all is joy ;
 And trade and business guide the living scene,
 Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
 Load the slow-failing barges, pile the pack
 On the long tinkling train of slow-pac'd steeds.
 As when a sunny day invites abroad
 The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells
 In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work ;
 O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haste
 With warm affection to each other's aid ;
 Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed.
 Thus all is here in motion, all is life :
 The creaking wain brings copious store of corn :
 The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads ;
 The neat-dress'd housewives, for the festal board
 Crown'd with full baskets, in the field-way paths
 Come tripping on ; th' echoing hills repeat
 The stroke of ax and hammer ; scaffolds rise,
 And growing edifices ; heaps of stone,
 Beneath the chissel, beauteous shapes assume
 Of frize and column. Some, with even line,
 New streets are marking in the neighb'ring fields,
 And sacred domes of worship. Industry,
 Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,
 And the straw cottage to a palace turns,
 Over the work presides. Such was the scene
 Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief

First view'd her growing turrets. So appear
Th' increasing walls of busy Manchester,
Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose redd'ning fields
Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo, in throngs,
For ev'ry realm, the careful factors meet,
Whisp'ring each other. In long ranks the bales,
Like war's bright files, beyond the sight extend.
Straight, ere the founding bell the signal strikes,
Which ends the hour of traffick, they conclude
With speedy compact; and, well-pleas'd, transfer,
With mutual benefit, superior wealth
To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.

Reflections on the Slave-Trade.

DYER.

ON Guinea's sultry strand, the drap'ry light
Of Manchester or Norwich is bestow'd
For clear transparent gums, and ductile wax,
And snow-white iv'ry; yet the valued trade,
Along this barb'rous coast, in telling, wounds
The gen'rous heart, the sale of wretched slaves;
Slaves, by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death
For life-long servitude; severe exchange!
These till our fertile colonies, which yield
The sugar-cane, and the tobago-leaf,
And various new productions, that invite
Increasing natives to their crowded wharfs.

316 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

But let the man, whose rough tempestuous hours
In this advent'rous traffic are involv'd,
With just humanity of heart pursue
The gainful commerce : wickedness is blind :
Their sable chieftains may in future times
Burst their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
And av'rice. There are ills to come for crimes.

*Ode to the Right Honourable Francis Earl of
Huntingdon. 1747.* AKENSIDE.

I. 1.

THE wise and great of ev'ry clime,
Thro' all the spacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muse her pow'r display'd,
With joy have listen'd and obey'd.
For, taught of heaven, the sacred Nine
Persuasive numbers, forms divine
To mortal sense impart :
They best the soul with glory fire ;
They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire ;
And high o'er Fortune's rage inthroned the fixed
heart.

I. 2.

Nor less prevailing is their charm
The vengeful bosom to disarm ;
To melt the proud with human woe,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow.

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 317

Can wealth a power like this afford ?

Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's sword,
An equal empire claim ?

No, HASTINGS. Thou my words wilt own :
Thy breast the gift of ev'ry Muse hath known ;
Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muse's awful art,
And the fair function of the poet's tongue,
Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour ; to assert
From all that scorned vice or slavish fear hath sung.
Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings

Warbling at will in pleasure's myrtle bow,
Nor shall the baser notes to Celtic kings
By lying minstrels paid in evil hour,
Move thee to spurn the heavenly muse's reir a.

A different strain,
And other themes

From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams
(Thou well can'st witness) meet the purged ear :
Such, as when Greece to her immortal shell
Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear ;
To hear the sweet instructress tell
(While men and heroes throng'd around)
How life its noblest use may find,
How best for freedom be resign'd ;
And how, by glory, virtue shall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the * Chian father's strain
 To many a kind domestic train,
 Whose pious hearth and genial bowl
 Had chear'd the reverend pilgrim's soul :
 When, every hospitable rite
 With equal bounty to requite,
 He struck his magic strings ;
 And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,
 And seiz'd their ears with tales of antient worth,
 And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic
 things.

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,
 Where yet he tunes his charming shell,
 Oft near him, with applauding hands,
 The genius of his country stands.
 To listening gods he makes him known,
 That man divine, by whom were sown
 The seeds of Grecian fame :
 Who first the race with freedom fir'd ;
 From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd ;
 From whom Platæan palms and Cyprian trophies
 came.

II. 3.

O noblest, happiest age !
 When Aristides rul'd, and Cimon fought ;
 When all the generous fruits of Homer's page
 Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brought.

* *Homer.*

O Pindar,

The POETICAL MISCELLANY. 319

O Pindar, oft shalt thou be hail'd of me :
Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine ;
Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee ;
Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,
Pan danc'd their measure with the sylvan throng :

But that thy song

Was proud to unfold

What thy base rulers trembled to behold ;
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame ?
Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.

But thou, O faithful to thy fame,

The Muse's law did'st rightly know ;

That who would animate his lays,

And other minds to virtue raise,

Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of later times,

Whose verse adorn'd a * tyrant's crimes ?

Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,

And lent the imperial ruffian aid ?

Alas ! not one polluted bard,

No, not the strains that Mincius heard,

Or Tibur's hills reply'd,

Dare to the Muse's ear aspire ;

Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre,

With freedom's ancient notes their shameful task
they hide.

* *Octavius Cæsar.*

P 4

III. 2. Mark,

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
 Amid the domes of modern hands :
 Amid the toys of idle state,
 How simply, how severely great ?
 Then turn, and, while each western clime
 Presents her tuneful sons to Time,
 So mark thou Milton's name :
 And add, " Thus differs from the throng
 " The spirit which inform'd thy awful song,
 " Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's
 fame."

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
 His memory with unholy rage pursues ;
 While from these arduous cares of public weal
 She bids each bard begone, and rest him with his
 Muse.
 O fool ! to think the man, whose ample mind
 Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey ;
 Must join the noblest forms of every kind,
 The world's most perfect image to display,
 Can e'er his country's majesty behold,
 Unmov'd or cold !
 O fool ! to deem
 That He, whose thought must visit every theme,
 Whose heart must every strong emotion know
 By nature planted, or by fortune taught ;
 That He, if haply some presumptuous foe,
 With false ignoble science fraught,

Shall

Shall spurn at freedom's faithful band ;
That He their dear defence will shun,
Or hide their glories from the sun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand!!

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain;
Or on the sportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muse's quire
Content with polish'd ease retire.
Where priests the studious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honours to an hateful lord,
Reserv'd for angry heaven and scorn'd of honest
fame?

IV. 2.

But here, where freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant sons is known ;
Where all are conscious of her cares,
And each the power, that rules him, shares ;
Here let the bard, whose dastard tongue
Leaves public arguments unsung,
Bid public praise farewell :
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell.

IV. 3.

O HASTINGS, not to all
 Can ruling heav'n the same endowments lend:
 Yet still doth nature to her offspring call,
 That to one general weal their different powers
 they bend,

Unenvious. Thus alone, tho' strains divine
 Inform the bosom of the Muse's son;
 Though with new honours the patrician's line
 Advance from age to age; yet thus alone
 They win the suffrage of impartial fame.

The poet's name

He best shall prove,

Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move,
 But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
 Thee to severer toils thy fate requires:
 The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,
 The grateful country of thy fires,
 Thee to sublimer paths demand;
 Sublimer than thy fires could trace,
 Or thy own EDWARD teach his race,
 Tho' Gaul's proud genius sank beneath his hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and subject farms,
 They led the rustic youth to arms;
 And kings their stern achievements fear'd;
 While private strife their banners rear'd.
 But loftier scenes to thee are shown,
 Where empire's wide-establish'd throne

No private master fills :

Where, long foretold, The People reigns :
Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains ;
And judgeth what he fees ; and, as he judgeth,
wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The swelling democratic tide ;
To watch the state's uncertain frame,
And baffle faction's partial aim :
But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
To quell that servile band, who kneel
To freedom's banish'd foes ;
That monster, which is daily found
Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound ;
Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel
knows.

V. 3.

'Tis highest heav'n's command,
That guilty aims should fordid paths pursue ;
That what ensnares the heart should curb the
hand,
And virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.
But look on freedom. See, through every age,
What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd !
What arms, what regal pride, what priestly rage,
Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd !
For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains
Of happy swains,

Which now resound
 Where Scarfsdale's cliffs the swelling pastures
 bound,
 Bear witness : there, oft let the farmer hail
 The sacred orchard which embowers his gate,
 And shew to strangers passing down the vale,
 Where Candish, Booth, and Osborne sate ;
 When, bursting from their country's chain,
 Even in the midst of deadly harms,
 Of papal snares and lawless arms,
 They plann'd for freedom this her awful reign.

VI. 1.

This reign, these laws, this public care,
 Which Nassau gave us all to share,
 Had ne'er adorn'd the English name,
 Could fear have silenc'd freedom's claim.
 But fear in vain attempts to bind
 Those lofty efforts of the mind
 Which social good inspires ;
 Where men, for this, assault a throne,
 Each adds the common welfare to his own ;
 And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all ac-
 quires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
 Our fields in civil blood embrued ?
 When fortune crown'd the barbarous host,
 And half the astonish'd isle was lost ?

Did one of all that vaunting train,
 Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
 Durst one in arms appear ?
 Durst one in counsels pledge his life ?
 Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife ?
 Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to
 chear ?

VI. 3.

Yet, HASTINGS, these are they
 Who challenge to themselves thy country's love.
 The true; the constant : who alone can weigh
 What glory should demand, or liberty approve !
 But let their works declare them. Thy free pow-
 ers,

The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
 Not for the tasks of their confederate hours,
 Lewd brawls, and lurking slander, were design'd.
 Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise
 Oft nobly sways

Ingenuous youth :

But, fought from cowards and the lying mouth,
 Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone
 For mortals fixeth that sublime reward.
 He, from the faithful records of his throne,
 Bids the historian and the bard
 Dispose of honour and of scorn ;
 Discern the patriot from the slave ;
 And write the good, the wise, the brave,
 For lessons to the multitude unborn.

Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.

GRAY.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the wat'ry glade,
 Where grateful science still adores
 Her HENRY's holy shade ;
 And ye that from the stately brow
 Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
 Ah fields belov'd in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain !
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And; redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, father THAMES, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margin green,
 The paths of pleasure trace,
 Who foremost now delight to cleave
 With pliant arms thy glassy wave ?

The

The captive linnet which enthrall ?

What idle progeny succeed

To chase the rolling circle's speed,

Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent

Their murm'ring labours ply,

'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint

To sweeten liberty :

Some bold adventurers disdain

The limits of their little reign,

And unknown regions dare descry :

Still as they run, they look behind,

They hear a voice in every wind,

And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,

Less pleasing when possess'd ;

The tear forgot as soon as shed,

The sun-shine of the breast,

There's buxom health of rosy hue,

Wild wit, invention ever-new,

And lively cheer of vigour born ;

The thoughtless day, the easy night,

The spirits pure, the slumbers light,

That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,

The little victims play !

No sense have they of ills to come,

No care beyond to-day :

Yet see how all around 'em wait

The ministers of human fate,

And black misfortune's baleful train !
 Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey the murth'rous band,
 Ah, shew them they are men !

These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
 And shame that sculks behind ;
 Or pining love shall waste their youth,
 Or jealousy with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
 And envy wan, and faded care,
 Grim-visag'd comfortless despair,
 And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning infamy ;
 The stings of falshood those shall try,
 And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;
 And keen remorse with blood defil'd,
 And moody madness laughing wild
 Amidst severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
 A griesly troop are seen,
 The painful family of death,
 More hideous than their queen :
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,

Those

Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo, poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming age.

To each his suff'rings : all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain ;
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah ! why should they know their fate !
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

Hymn to Adversity.

GRAY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou Tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best !
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy fire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bad to form her infant mind.

Stern

330 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore :
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others'
woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe :
By vain prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again be-
lieved.

Wisdom in fable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And melancholy, silent maid
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend :
Warm charity, the gen'ral friend,
With justice to herself severe,
And pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh ! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,

With

With screaming horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell disease, and ghastly poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart,
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

*To Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his Picture of King
George I.* ADDISON:

KNELLER, with silence and surprise
We see *Britannia's* Monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade;
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand
As in the presence-chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends, and scorn of foes:
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And *Albion's* happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day,
 When the glad nation shall survey
 Their Sov'reign, thro' his wide command,
 Passing in progress o'er the land !
 Each heart shall bend, and every voice
 In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
 Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
 And crouds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal placed,
 With its bright round of titles graced,
 And stamp'd on *British* coins shall live,
 To richest ores the value give,
 Or, wrought within the curious mold,
 Shape and adorn the running gold.
 To bear this form, the genial sun
 Has daily, since his course begun,
 Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
 And ripen'd the *Peruvian* mine.

Thou, *Kneller*, long with noble pride,
 The foremost of thy art, hast vy'd
 With nature in a generous strife,
 And touch'd the canvas into life.
 Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
 From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
 And in the robes of state array'd,
 The kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy *Charles* appears, and there
 His Brother with dejected air :

Triumphant *Nassau* here we find,
 And with him bright *Maria* join'd ;
 There *Anna*, great as when she sent
 Her armies through the Continent,
 Ere yet her Hero was disgrac't :
 O may fam'd *Brunswick* be the last,
 (Tho' heaven should with my wish agree,
 And long preserve thy art in thee)
 The last, the happiest *British* king,
 Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing ?

Wife *Phidias*, thus his skill to prove,
 Thro' many a God advanc'd to *Jove*,
 And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
 With airs and lineaments divine ;
 'Till *Greece*, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
 Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great *Pan*, who wont to chase the fair,
 And lov'd the spreading oak, was there ;
 Old *Saturn* too with up-cast eyes
 Beheld his abdicated skies ;
 And mighty *Mars*, for war renown'd,
 In adamantinè armour frown'd ;
 By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
 Her twisted threads ; the web she strung,
 And o'er a loom of marble hung :
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
 Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,

Reclining

Reclining on a funeral urn,
 Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.
 The last was he, whose thunder flew —
 The *Titan*-race, a rebel crew,
 That from a hundred hills ally'd
 In impious leagues their king defy'd.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
 Produc'd, his art was at a stand:
 For who would hope new fame to raise,
 Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
 That, his high genius to approve,
 Had drawn a *George*, or carv'd a *Jove*?

Character of Atticus.

POPE.

— BUT were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease!
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;

Alike

Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend :
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;
 Like *Cato*, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ;
 While wits and templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise——
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if *ATTICUS* were he !

An Address to the Deity.

YOUNG.

O THOU great arbiter of life and death !
 Nature's immortal, immaterial sun !
 Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
 From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
 The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
 The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow ;
 To drink the spirit of the golden day ;
 And triumph in existence ; and could'st know
 No motive, but my bliss. And hast ordain'd
 A rise in blessing ; with the *Patriarch's* joy,
 Thy call I follow to the land unknown ;
 I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust ;
 Or life, or death, is equal ; neither weighs !
 All weight in this——O let me live to Thee !

An-

336 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Another Address to the Deity. THOMSON.

FATHER of light and life! Thou GOOD
SUPREME!

O teach me what is good. Teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

A HYMN. THOMSON.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FA-
THER, these,

Are but the *varied* GOD. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
THY beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.

Then comes THY glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:
And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful THOU! with clouds and storms

Around

THE POETICAL MISCELLANY. 337

Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with THY northern blast.

MYSTERIOUS round ! what skill, what force
divine,

Deep-felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ;
And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring :
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

NATURE, attend ! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To HIM, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your freshness
breathes :

Oh talk of HIM in solitary glooms !
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.

Q

And

338 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to HIM; whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to HIM;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write with every beam HIS praise.
 The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,

Ye

Ye valleys, raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD
reigns;

And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.

Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song

Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,

Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,

Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm

The listening shades, and teach the night HIS praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;

At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,

Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,

Assembled men, to the deep organ join

The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,

At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;

And, as each mingling flame increases each,

In one united ardor rise to heaven.

Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,

And find a fane in every sacred grove;

There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,

The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,

Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS as they roll.

For me, when I forget the darling theme,

Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray

Rustles the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams;

Or Winter rises in the blackening east;

Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,

And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

340 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' *Atlantic* isles; 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital spreads there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I chearful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
From *seeming Evil* still educing *Good*,
And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
Come then, expressive silence, muse HIS praise.



THE END.

